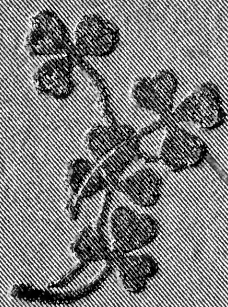


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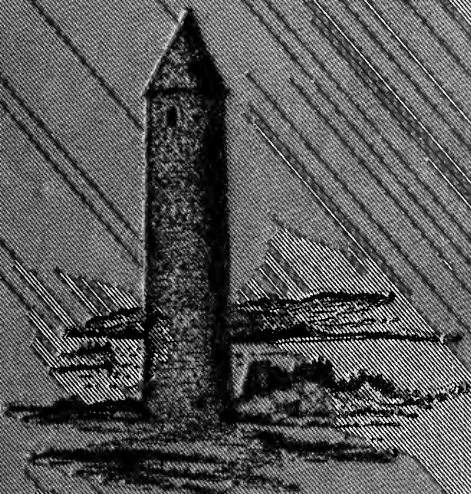


THE SURNAME MCALEER

AND

MCALEER GENEALOGY

MCALEER





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A STUDY IN

The Origin and Signification of

THE SURNAME McALEER

AND

A CONTRIBUTION TO

McALEER GENEALOGY



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DEDICATION

IN THE FIRST INSTANCE, TO THE
MEMORY OF AN HONORABLE FATHER,
A LOVING MOTHER,
AND THE SISTER AND BROTHERS
WITH WHOM
THE SUNSHINE HOURS OF CHILDHOOD
AND YOUTH
WERE SPENT IN THE OLD HOME,
AND, SECONDLY,
TO ALL WHO WORTHILY BEAR
THE SURNAME McALEER
THIS HUMBLE EFFORT
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY

The Author.



PROLOGOMENA.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

“ They are going, always going,
From the valleys and the hills;
They are leaving far behind them
Heathery moors and mountain rills.”

Aye ! aye ! !—always going,—going,—going,—
and leaving behind them more than heathery
moors and mountain rills. The records of heaven
alone can reveal the countless number of family
ties disrupted and torn asunder, the mountains of
broken hearts, and the trials and sorrowings of
centuries left behind as a cruel legacy and monu-
ment to English persecution and unchristian hate.

Well may Burns say that

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless millions mourn.”

In the annals of Time no darker page of man’s
inhumanity to man can be found than that upon
which is written the record of the wrongs and sor-
rows inflicted upon the people of Ireland for cen-
turies by England—that cruel conglomeration of
the human family now called the “ Anglo-Saxon.”

PROLOGOMENA.

The pathetic tale has been repeated in every clime by her exiled children and their descendants, and sorrowing Ireland alone remains, the only semblance of a nation among the nations of the world of centuries ago, to lift up her voice in protest against the unjust usurper and persecutor, in behalf of her rights to Christian treatment, and to nationhood. She has ever been buoyed up by lofty ideals, steadfastness, and loyalty to conscience. These have ever been her star of hope—principles that must win in the days of tottering thrones and tumbling dynasties. Is this not significant and full of promise? Who will dare forecast her future?

In her darkest hour she has never forgotten her loved and widely-scattered offspring, and they, in turn, long to see the day when right will triumph—when she will come into her own again;—and they pray that her future may be as helpful, uplifting, and glorious as in the olden time of her greatness—a nation among nations as honored, as prosperous, and as happy as she has in her more immediate past been circumscribed, despoiled, persecuted, maligned, and miserable.

At the doorway of the twentieth century, and especially in this land of Liberty, it is difficult, if not impossible, to fully realize how great the persecutions and oppressions were that drove millions from their native land,—from their humble homes, from the graves of their sires, that rent asunder the ties of kin and blood, and forced them to seek a habitation and living in the land of strangers in all parts of the world, and the attendant trials, hardships and heart-burnings.

Although born in America, and not having passed through such bitter experiences person-

PROLOGOMENA.

ally, the tale of such trials and hardships is vividly and indelibly impressed upon my memory, having often heard it in childhood from the lips of my father when he told his children of his sufferings and that of his kith and kin in the old land,—sufferings inflicted by the iron heel of despotism and the cruelties of the oppressor, which is abundantly confirmed and emphasized by the teachings of history.

The fact that my ancestors were driven into exile and compelled to endure the toil and hardships of a Canadian wilderness to escape the inhuman persecutions from which they suffered in their native land, as did the people of Ireland for centuries before them, is a sufficient warrant and justification for this foreword.





PATRONYMICA



IN early times surnames were unknown. Genealogists and antiquarians now very generally agree that they first came into general use about the 11th century.

The general adoption of family designation first occurred in Normandy, from whence the custom spread to all civilized nations.

The exercise of territorial dominion, extensive ownership of soil, military achievements, the subjugation of a nation, personal peculiarity or characteristics, the advance of civilization, the organization of government, the greater homogeneity of the people, and other causes, were all reasons for the change from the old and the assumption or imposition of new names; but by far the larger number of people owe their patronymic to the vocation, profession, occupation, or deeds of their ancestors—names that have stood the mutations of time and come down the centuries to the present day.

PATRONYMICA.

Among the names of a religious origin are the Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Deacons, Abbots, Monks, Priors, Beadles, Sextons; of the ruling order and nobility, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Knights, Earls, Squires, Pages, Lords, Judges; and of the different callings, Arkwright, Baker, Barber, Beeman, Brewer, Butcher, Butler, Carpenter, Carter, Cartwright, Cooper, Carver, Collier, Creamer, Draper, Driver, Dyer, Farmer, Fiddler, Fisher, Fowler, Fuller, Gardner, Glazier, Goldsmith, Hunter, Iron-monger, Lampman, Leadbeater, Mason, Miller, Mossman, Nailer, Packer, Painter, Plumber, Porter, Potter, Poulter, Plowman, Plowright, Naylor, Osler, Saddler, Sawyer, Seaman, Shearer, Shearman, Shepard, Skinner, Smith, Snowman, Spooner, Tanner, Tinker, Tucker, Turner, Tyler, Walker, Weaver, Wheeler, Warrener, Woodman, Woodward, etc.

Other family sur-names have been perpetuated by the addition of the suffix *son*, and the elision of the possessive 's — Abram's-son, Batter's-son, Dick's-son, Edward's-son, Harry's-son, James's-son, Jack's-son, John's-son, Lamb's-son, Matthew's-son, Patter's-son, Pattis's-son, Paul's-son, Peter's-son, Robert's-son, Richard's-son, Sam's-son, Thom's-son, Watt's-son, William's-son, Will's-son, Wright's-son, etc.



Gaelic SURNAMES.



Gaelic SURNAMES



HE suffix *son* appears in Gaelic names in the form of the prefixes Mac (frequently abbreviated to Mc and M'), and O'—Mac meaning son of, and O' grandson or more remote descendant of.

Years ago, it was written in the Hellenic tongue:

“ Per O' atque Mac, veros cognocis Hibernos;
His duobus demtis, nullus Hibernus adest.”
This may be freely translated—

“ By Mac and O' you'll always know
True Irishmen, they say;
But if they lack the O' or Mac,
No Irishmen are they.”

No nation or people have ever suffered more than Ireland and the people of Ireland from the incursions, encroachments and depredations of others.

Gaelic Surnames.

Like the origin of many other nations, the early history of Ireland is lost in the mists of Time and the mythology and fables of antiquity; but whether what we know of the dim ages of the past be romance or reality, the poetry of per-fervid imagination or the stern realities of fact, enough is in evidence to convince unprejudiced investigators and thinkers of the coming, during the early ages, from Scythia in the East, of Parthalon and his followers; of the Nemedians, a re-inforcement of people from the same country, soon after; the Fomorians, an adventurous and warlike people from an unknown land; the Firbolgs and the Tuatha De Dananns, also from Scythia; the Milesians, a contribution to the population from Spain; the Cruthneans or Picts, another addition from Scythia, and the civilization and learning that these contributing factors brought with them, and to which they and their descendants and successors added lustre throughout succeeding centuries. This was known as the Golden Age of Ireland, an age when this favored land was deservedly called the "School-house of Europe," and the "Island of Saints and Scholars," by which appellations it was known for many centuries.

In the ninth century began the terrible invasions and wars which did the work of devastation, destruction and degradation that has continued down to the present time.

The incursions and wars of the Danes and Norwegians began in the ninth and were continued during the tenth and eleventh centuries, followed by those of the Normans in the twelfth century, and of the so-called Anglo-Saxons soon after.

The brutal and barbarous robberies of the people of their birthright by the latter, and the be-

Gaelic Surnames.

stowal of their lands upon their inveterate and cruel enemies, the descendants of many of whom still retain them in their possession, is a tear-dimmed chapter in the annals of Ireland. But these cruel barbarians were not content with this, but must needs destroy the literature of the country, vast quantities of which they gathered and gave to the devouring flames. This they cruelly emphasized when they still further robbed and wronged the people by confiscating and destroying their cathedrals, churches, schools, and eleemosynary institutions, and by making it a capital offense to educate their children, and a penal offense to teach them the language of their parents and ancestors.

Before the brutal and deplorable wholesale and general destruction of the literature of Ireland by England, large quantities of valuable manuscripts in Gaelic had been garnered by the leading libraries and educational institutions of continental Europe where they are today accorded prominent place beside their most valuable and highly prized literary treasures. But literature appealed not to brutal Englishmen, and the literary world and civilization have been the losers.

Webb, in his "Analysis of the Antiquities of Ireland," says: "It was until the time of King James I, the object of Government to discover and destroy all remains of the literature of the Irish, in order to more fully eradicate from their minds every trace of their ancient independence."

To still further de-nationalize and exterminate the people of Ireland, they were robbed of their lands and homes which were given over to their enemies on such conditions that the original and lawful owners might never again acquire possession of them. It is stipulated in the conditions for

GÆLIC SURNAMES.

the Plantation of Ulster, Article 7, that: "The said Undertakers, their Heirs and Assigns, shall not alien or demise their Portions, or any Part thereof, to meer Irish. And to that end a Proviso shall be inserted in their Letters Patent."

This and other similar and worse enactments prompted some of the Irish people to change their names, or to so modify them that they would not be suspected of being "meer Irish,"—and thus be enabled to acquire a home and means of livelihood for themselves and dependent ones which they could not do otherwise.

Long years before the Plantation of Ulster great efforts were made by the English to rob the people of Ireland of their old family names to the end that they would the more readily lose their identity and the traditions of their country which they so highly prized and to which they clung with so much tenacity.

In 1465 a law was passed by England (5 Ed. IV., Cap. 3), enacting that "Every Irishman that dwells betwixt or amongst Englishmen in the County of Dublin, Myeth, Uriell and Kildaire... shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sussex, Chester, Tyrm, Skeyne, Cooke, Kinsale; or colour as white, black, browne; or arts or science, as smith or carpenter; or office, as cooke, butler."

The foregoing will serve in a measure to explain many of the difficulties, transformation of names, incongruities, and other obstacles confronting the genealogist who attempts to discover the origin of names and trace the pedigrees of many surnames now common in Ireland.



THE SURNAME McALEER.



man is unworthy his ancestry and the name he bears who is indifferent to its origin and history; and yet he who essays the task of discovering the origin of his name and who first bore it and why, engages in a work oftentimes as unending as the seasons and as elusive as the rainbow.

“ This is a subject which involves many curious questions of Antiquarian interest, bearing upon the language, habits and pursuits of our countrymen in bygone days. It is one, also, that immediately concerns every man who feels an honest pride in being called by his father’s name.”*

He who attempts to discover the origin of names and to trace genealogies will in many cases encounter disheartening obstacles and chilling indifference. This led Moore to write: “ A painful work it is and more than difficult, wherein what toyle hath been taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth, but he that hath made the trial.”

Camden states the same fact in fewer words: “ To find out the true original of surnames is full of

* Notes and Queries, VI, 201

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

difficulty." This being true elsewhere how much more difficult the task when undertaken under the difficulties confronting the investigator, whether residing in Ireland or elsewhere, who attempts to trace the names and genealogies of many of the Irish people. The cruel persecutions during the past centuries, the diabolical attempts to denationalize and exterminate the people of Ireland, and especially the destruction of their records and literature, the persistent, and no doubt to some extent successful, efforts to force people to change their names, and the more cruel and relentless determination of their enemies to deprive them and their children of an education, all rise up as an impassable barrier in the thoroughfare that leads back to ancient days.

Viewed and judged from this standpoint it is not difficult to realize that the work of tracing names and genealogies in Ireland is oftentimes very disheartening if not a hopeless task. Much of ethnological and antiquarian value is irretrievably lost and the fragments that remain are largely under the guardianship of those not friendly to the Irish people, and who still seem anxious to obliterate and blot out everything that would throw light on and be creditable to their early civilization.

Many times in the past I felt constrained to undertake to trace the origin and signification of the surname that I bear, McAleer, and as often relented because of the difficulties in the way.

More recently I returned to the subject when I sought out and searched such literature bearing upon Irish genealogy and the origin of Irish names as I found available, the results of which are given in the following pages.

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

O'Hart in his "Irish Pedigrees; or The Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation," Fifth Edition, Dublin, 1892, Volume I, page 549, under the caption of Heremon Genealogies, says of the name MacLeigh: "This surname is derived from the Irish "Leigh," a physician, and means "the son of the physician." The name has been modernized McLeigh, McLea, McLeay, McAlea, etc. The name is found in the counties Down, Tyrone, and also Derry. In Lanigan we find MacLiag (King Brian Boru's poet), anglicized McLigh.

"At the Norman Invasion of Ireland, we had an arch-bishop of Armagh named Gilla McLiagh, whose name is latinized Gelasius."

And in a foot-note he further says: "McLea: This name is believed to be the modern form of McLear, and of McAler.

"In the graveyard of Lower Langfried, near Drumquin, County Tyrone, are tombstones with the following inscriptions: On one of them—"Here lieth the body of Edmund McLear who departed this life February 16 ano Dom 1721, aged 68." And on the other tombstone: "Here lyeth the body of Neckel McAler, who died the 11th of April ano Dom 1708, aged 22 years."

And on page 230, same Edition and Volume, he gives "sea" as the meaning of "lear."

A valued Norwegian friend, a graduate of a university in Norway, who has devoted considerable time to genealogical study and to tracing the origin of names, assures me that the name McAleer is of Norse origin, and that it is still frequently encountered in Norway as Lier. He says it comes from La, a sloping grassy hillside at the foot of a mountain, a dale, a glen, the plural of which is Lær, pronounced Leer. This name if

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

transplanted to Ireland during the time of the Danish and Norwegian invasions would be Hibernicized by the addition of the prefix Mac and thus become the MacLeer and MacAleer of the present time. It is found in England and Scotland anglicized as Leigh, Lea, Lee, and Leeson—the suffix son in England corresponding to the Celtic prefix Mac in Ireland.

Color and support is lent to the contention of my Norwegian friend by Rev. Patrick Wolfe, in his “Irish Names and Surnames,” Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son, 1906. He says on page 3: “Owing to inter-marriage, many Danish and Norse names passed into Irish families during the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries, and some of them became very popular. A few still survive as Christian names, and they have left us several important surnames.”

Dr. MacDermott, in his annotations to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, states: “Many families of Danish origin took Irish surnames, prefixing O’ and Mac, so that their descent cannot now be ascertained, and several of their Chiefs took Irish Christian names, particularly that of Patrick in honor of the patron saint of Ireland.”

The work above quoted further says: “In the same manner—that is, through inter-marriage—Norman and English names became current in Irish families during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Though not very numerous, they have now almost entirely supplanted the old Gaelic names.”

In relation to “Native Irish Surnames” the same publication on pages 9 and 10 says: “Irish surnames came into use gradually from the middle of the tenth to the end of the thirteenth

THE SURNAME McALEER.

century, and were formed from the genitive case of the names of ancestors who flourished within that period, by prefixing O' (sometimes written Ua) or Mac (sometimes Mag).

" Surnames were not formed from the real name of the ancestor, but from some other designation, as rank, trade, occupation, etc.

" Many of the Old English, Welsh and Norman families assumed surnames after the Irish fashion by prefixing Mac to the names, or other designation, of their ancestors. More families of this class, however, retained their original surname in an hibernicized form. Some surnames of Norman origin prefix De representing the Norman-French De and Le, as De Burg, De Leir, Le Poer.

" O' literally signifies a grandson, and Mac a son; but in the wider sense which they have acquired in surnames, both now mean any male descendant. The only difference between a surname commencing with Mac and one commencing with O' is that the former was taken from the name of the father and the latter from the grandfather or the first person who bore the surname. Mac surnames are, generally speaking, of later formation than O' surnames."

This publication gives, on page 73, Mac Giolla Uíthir as the Irish form of MacAleer.

Barber in his " British Family Names," second edition, London, 1903, makes no mention of Macleare, this old name in England, but gives the derivation of the patronymic Lear as from the Belgian *Liero*, or the Norman *Lyre*, the German *Liehr*, or the Danish *Lier*.

The following extract bearing upon the subject is taken from the comprehensive and illuminating article on Celtic Literature in the *Encyclopædia*

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

Britannica, to which it was contributed by W. K. Sullivan, President of Queen's College, Cork:

“ Mediæval Irish and Welsh manuscripts contain an extensive body of legendary ethnology, which in the case of the Irish legends has been even fitted with a complete chronology. Setting aside the more fabulous parts of the Irish legends which refer to colonists who arrived a short time after the deluge, we find four successive colonies mentioned in the following order:—Nemedians, Firbolgs, Tuatha-Dé-Dananns, and Milesians. The Nemedians are said to have occupied the country during only two hundred years, when the greater part of them went away in three separate bodies, owing to the harassing attacks made upon them, and their final overthrow, by a people who appear in Irish legends as sea-rovers, called Fomorians. One body took refuge in Britain, another went to Thrace, and the third into the north of Europe. The Thracian party became the ancestors of the second colonizing race, the Firbolgs. The Nemedians who went to the north of Europe appear afterwards as the Tuatha Dé Danann; those who went to Britain became the Britons. According to this legend three of the early tribes which peopled Ireland were of the same race with the Britons. The fourth and latest of the Irish races, the Milesians, or followers of Miled, are also connected with the others in the genealogies to be found in Irish manuscripts, but the relationship is much more distant than that which is represented to have existed between the other races. All Irish accounts of the early races inhabiting Ireland agree in bringing Miled from the north of Spain; but in the early times when the Irish ethnic stories received their present shape, the majority

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

of people, not alone in Ireland, but everywhere, had very imperfect notions of geography, and often applied the few geographical names which had reached their ears by pure hazard, and generally without having more than the vaguest notions of the places they referred to.

Of all the traditions of this class those only seem to possess real importance which relate to the mysterious people called the Tuatha Dé Danann.

This name appears to mean the tribes of De and Ana; and as De is God, and Ana is called the mother of the Irish gods, these supposed invading tribes are only the deities in a system of mythology which has yet to be unravelled.

As some of those deities occupy a place in Celtic romance, we shall venture to say a few words about some of them, though at the risk of making one out of several distinct deities, and of making several out of one.

One of the chief deities of the Irish pantheon was Ogma, surnamed Griainainceh, "of the sun-like face," son of Eladan, or Elathan, that is of knowledge. Ogma had other appellatives, the most important being Dagda, Delbaith Dana or Tuirenn Bierenn, and Cermait "of the honey-mouth," though the last sometimes appears as the son of Dagda. Under the last appellative his wife is Ana, the mother of the gods, of the Mor Rigu, or Mor Rigan also known by the appellatives of Badb and Macha. As the latter, who was mother of Aed (fire), who is probably the Aed Mawr of Welsh legends, father of Prydain, the first legendary king of Britain, whence the name Ynys Prydain, or the Island of Prydain, and the

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

real origin of the mythical Hu of the mediæval bards.

The dagda had another son, whose name was Aengus, or the MacOg, a celebrated personage of early Irish legend, and an equally celebrated daughter, Brigit, the goddess of wisdom and judgment. Under the appellative of Delbaith Dana or Tuirenn Bicrenn (who is represented as the son of Ogma, and not that personage himself), Ogma has two wives, Ana under that name, and of her other two appellatives, and Ernmas, who is represented as the mother of the first-named wife; Ana under her various names, is, therefore, at once the daughter and wife of Delbaith. Ana's sons by Delbaith are Brian, Iuchair, and Iucharba, who are called the gods of Ana, and hence she is called the mother of the gods.

They are the same as the sons of Cermait "of the honey-mouth," already mentioned as being an appellative of Ogma himself, or his son under that of the Dagda.

These sons are Seithor or MacCuill, a sea-god, Teithoir or MacCecht, the ruler of the sky and heavenly bodies, to whom the plough was sacred, and Ceithor or MacGreine (son of the earth), the god of the earth. Their mother was the Etain of Irish legend; and as she was the wife of Ogma under that name, it proves that Cermait "of the honey-mouth" was only an appellative for the latter, and not his son, under the appellative Dagda. The wives of the three gods above mentioned were Banba, Fotla, and Eire, names under which Ireland was personified. Elcmair was either a son of Ogma as Delbaith, or more probably his brother, and was the same as Tadc Mor, Orbsen, and Lêr (Leer) the sea. Under the last named

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

appellative he was god of the sea, and is especially interesting for in him we have the original of Shakespeare's King Lear, and the father of Manandan of Irish and Welsh romance. It is probable that Lér was the same as MacCuill, the sea-god above mentioned.

There was also a god of war, Neit (battle), whose son Eserg (slaughter) was the father of Diancecht (Dia na-cécht), the gods of the powers (of healing), of Goibniu, the smith, and of other impersonations of the Arts. The god of healing had a son Cian or Conn (valour), who is also known under other appellatives, such as Scalbalb, and is sometimes confounded with his wife Ethlenn or Ethne (skill). His daughters were Airméd, the goddess of physic, and Etain, the wife of Ogma, above mentioned. Ethlenn's son Lug is a prominent figure in Celtic romance, and was known also by the names of Lug Lamfada, or Lug "the long armed," En, and the Sab Ildanach, or pillar of many arts. Abhcan, the grandson of Ethlen and Conn, was god of music. Conn, under his appellative of Scalbalb, is also made one of the sons of Echaid Garb, son of Breas (power), personages who fill prominent parts in Irish story.

Among the other sons of Echaid we must mention Badb Derg, the chief of the Síde of Munster, and Uillind Fæbar Derg, who kills Manandan MacLir in legend. The deities related to Conn or Cian, husband of Ethlenn, and his son Lug are called the Aes Trebair while those related to the Dagda or Ogma are the Aes Síde of story."

"The two tribes appear in contention or warfare, but, nevertheless, occasionally associated and intermarry, like the Teutonic Vanir and

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

Aesir; thus Etain, the daughter of the god of healing, was the wife of the Dagda, and Cermait "of the honey-mouth"; and Fea and Nemand, the goddess of war, the wives of Neit or Neid, the god of war, were the daughters of Elcmair (great evil) known as Lêr (Leer)."

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"The mythological tales all relate to the inhabitants of the Síde or Celtic Elysium, whose chiefs were the mythical Tuatha Dé Danann leaders, and who form, as we have pointed out above, an extensive pantheon.

"Among those who figure in the tales are Etain, Lêr, Manandan his son, the Dagda, Tuirrenn Bicrenn or Delbaith and his three sons and Lug MacEithlenn. In some of the stories of Curoi MacDaire, the Munster King, Conaire Mor, the paramount king of Ireland, Manandan MacLir and his wife Fans, and many other personages of Celtic mythology come in."

And of the poetry and prose writing of the 13th century, called Mabinogian, and contained in the Red Book, among others he mentions the tale of "Branwen, daughter of Llyr" (Lear), and "Manawyddan, the son of Llyr." Of these he says:—

"We have called the second group Irish romances, not only because the action of some of them is placed occasionally in Ireland, and some of the actors have been distinctly stated to have been Irishmen, but because they are unmistakably relics of the period of the occupations of the Coast of Wales by the Gyddel or Irish. The group of four romances form a cycle of legends, and are the

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

only ones called Mabinogion in the manuscript from which they have been taken. In the first tale the principal characters are Pwyll, prince of Dyfed, and Arawn, king of Annwn or Annwyvn; in the second Bran and Manawyddan the sons, and Branwen the daughter, of Llyr, and Matholweh, king of Ireland; in the third Manawyddan, son of Llyr, and Pryderi, son of Pwyll; and in the fourth, Math, son of Mathonwy, king of Arvon and Mona, Gwydyon ap Don and Arianrod his sister, and Llew Llaw Gyffes and Dylan eil Ton, the sons of Arianrod."

"These personages are mentioned in several of the poems attributed to Taliessin, in whose reputed works curiously enough the relics of the ancient mythology are chiefly found. In these tales and poems we have undoubtedly the relics of the ancient Irish mythology of the Tuatha Dé Danann, sometimes mixed with the later Arthurian myths. The Cær Sidi is the Síð of Irish mythology, the residence of the gods of the Aes Side. The seven other Cærs or residences mentioned in the poem on the spoils of Annwn are the various Síde of the immortals. Llyr is the Irish sea-god Lêr, and was called Llyr Llediaith, or the half-tongued, implying that he spoke a language only partially intelligible to the people of the country. Brian, the son of Llyr, is the Irish Bran MacAlait, Allat being one of the names of Lêr. This Bran is probably the name of Brian, son of Tuirrenn, though according to the Irish genealogies, Brian would be the nephew of Lêr. Manawyddan ap Llyr is clearly the Manandan or Manannan Mac Lir of Irish mythology. In one derivation of his name, if correct, we have a most important

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

link in these romances. According to this etymology, Manannan comes from Man, lord, and Annan, of the foamy sea, Lêr, his father's name, meaning also the sea. In Annan we would have the Annwn of the poems, and of the story of Pwyll, and commonly identified with hell, but really corresponding to the Tir Tairngire or Elysium of the Irish."

In a previous part of the article we have made the Dagda the same as Delbaith Dan or Tuirenn the father of Lêr, the sea, as well as of Aed, fire. Rhiannon, daughter of Heveydd Hên, and wife of Pwyll, and afterward of Manawyddan, is perhaps also to be connected with Ana and Annwn. Again, the Cær Sidi above mentioned, where neither disease nor old age affects any one, is called the prison of Gweir in one of the poems. This Gweir we have no doubt, represents Haiar, son of Manandan MacLir, the Atropos who cut the thread of life of Irish mythology."

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"There are several Dons or Donns in Irish romance:—the chief of the Munster fairies, or people of the Síde, was Donn Firinne of Cnoc Firinne, now Knockfierna, in the west of the County of Limerick; Donn Dumhach, or Donn of the sandbank at the mouth of the Eidneach near Ennistymon, in the County of Cork, were also chiefs of Síde. These examples show that Don the father of Gwydyon, may be connected with the Aes Síde. Manandan MacLir had a son who was Ech-DonMór, or the great Ech-Don, who is probably the Donn mentioned in the Fennian Agallamh na Senorach, or Dialogue of the Sages, as having been slain by a certain Derg Dianscothach

THE SURNAME McALEER.

in the war between Ilbhreach of the Síd of Eas Ruadh and Lêr of Síd Finnachaidh."

"Before leaving these curious tales, it will be better to discuss one of the mixed romances, the story of Killwch and Olwen. By mixed romance we mean one in which two distinct streams of legends have mingled. The one just mentioned belonged originally to the same class of legends as the four Mabinogion we have been discussing, but it got mixed up with the Arthurian romance. Killwch asks for wife Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr, who imposes upon him a number of tasks before he would give him his daughter, the final one being to fetch the comb and scissors which were between the ears of the Twrch Trwyth. All of these he effects through the aid of his cousin Arthur. Among the personages mentioned are Amæthon, son of Don, who is represented as a great husbandman, and Govannon, son of Don, a smith. Among the actors are Gwyther, the son of Greidawl, who is bethrothed to Creiddylad, daughter of Lludd Llaw Ereint, that is Cordelia, daughter of Lear, Gwen Ap Nudd, however, carries off Creiddylad, but Arthur makes peace between them, the condition being that the maiden should be restored to her father's house, and Gwen and Gyther should fight for the yellow-haired maiden on the first of May each year. This very curious tale is altogether based on Irish mythology."

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"Celtic literature, although it has no masterpiece of its own to point to, has exercised a considerable amount of influence on the creations of modern European literature. This influence was

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

exerted by several distinct currents of legends. the first is that of the Aes Síde and those of Queen Mebd or Mab and the heroic period; of these the existing Irish legends, and the modified form of them in the Welsh Mabinogion, give us one type. In Britain the first current, modified and mixed with foreign and especially Teutonic elements, has gone on altering, growing, and decaying until the traces of its origin are almost unrecognizable. It is from this source that much of our fairy mythology is derived, and that Chaucer and Spencer obtained materials. To it may also be traced the legends which formed the groundwork of Shakespeare's immediate sources for King Lear and Midsummer Night's Dream."

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Whether this Manannan MacLir, son of the sea, or great navigator, as is claimed, be the "pale, wan or dun one,"—the progenitor of the clan, sept or family from which have descended the McAleers, or whether they had other origin, certain it is that the headquarters and home of this clan, sept, or family, during centuries past, was and is in the County Tyrone, Ireland, where many of them still reside.

While the name Lear, Macleare, MacLeer, or McAleer is given no prominent place in the pages of history, as kings or military heroes, neither will it be found coupled with anything base or dishonorable. The great majority of people bearing this name have ever been known and appreciated for their integrity, untiring constancy, loyalty, and devotion to principle and duty in the more quiet walks of life, and this is affirmed and em-

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

phasized by ancient family crests and coats-of-arms that have been handed down from bygone centuries, the motto on one of which is "*Mea Gloria Fides*," and on another "*Clarus ab Ortu*."

Their loyalty to kith and kin and their fidelity to principle closed the door to preferment in their native land; but their ability and worth have won for them station and place in the land of the stranger.

During the very early days of the United States, President George Washington selected Tobias Lear for his private Secretary. He remained in this delicate and confidential station until the death of Washington, and the records show that his employer appreciated and admired him, and that no man stood in closer or more confidential relations with him.

In very recent times an unaided emigrant boy of a few years before, Henry McAleer, won place and distinction in the business and public life of Workington, the city of his adoption in the north-western part of England, where he was finally called to occupy the Mayor's Chair, the highest civic distinction, which he filled with such signal ability as to command the approbation and praise of all classes and conditions.

Contemporary therewith, another, Owen McAleer, filled the Mayor's Chair in the city of Los Angeles, California; and but a short time previously, another bearing this name was a member of the United States Congress from the State of Pennsylvania, an office that he filled with credit to himself and honor to his constituents. These McAleers trace back to the County Tyrone, Ireland.

THE SURNAME McALEER.

Many other examples could be given, did space permit.

The name of Lêr or Lir, from which it is said comes the present hibernicized surname McAleer, has had no inconsiderable place in the domain of letters, being prominent in the early mythological and legendary literature of Ireland, being immortalized by the genius of Shakespeare in his "King Lear," by the pen of the gifted poet Moore in his "Song of Fionnuala," by Robert Dwyer Joyce in his Epic, "Deirdre," by Aubrey DeVere in his poem, "The Children of Lir," and by many lesser lights in the world of letters.

My personal investigations and researches having resulted in nothing definite or satisfactory in establishing the origin and signification of the surname McAleer, I next proceeded to advertise in the genealogical columns of various publications in different parts of the world, and by personal appeal to learned genealogists and antiquarians, the result of which is herewith appended.

In answer to my inquiries under date of November 26, 1904, in *The Weekly Scotsman* of Edinburgh, Scotland, the following reply appeared in its columns:

THE WEEKLY SCOTSMAN,

EDINBURGH, DECEMBER 24, 1904.

THE NAME McALEER.

"The name M'Aleer inquired for on 26th November by an American correspondent is seldom found in that form in Scotland. It appears to be

THE SURNAME McALEER.

the same as Macliver, a name sometimes found in Islay and other parts of Argyll, which means "Son of the Grinder." When the name of M'Gregor was forbidden by Act of Parliament, it is said that one of that hunted clan made his way into Argyllshire, and, being asked his name, answered—"S liobhair mi ' ' ' ' (I am a Grinder). He would probably be an adept at sharpening swords, and his posterity were known as "MacLiobhair" or Macliver. The famous soldier, Sir Colin Campbell was a Macliver, Campbell being only his mother's name. A war official made the error when Sir Colin joined the army and it was never rectified.

Alexander Stewart."

Similar inquiries which appeared in the genealogical columns of The Pilot, Boston, Mass., elicited the following reply:

THE PILOT.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 4, 1905.

THE NAME McALEER.

(a.) "When and where did the name McAleer originate?"

(b.) From what is the name derived? and what does it signify?

(c.) Are there any genealogical records where it appears, and if so where may they be consulted?

(d.) If there are no such records are there any genealogical society or societies, or antiquarian societies, that can probably furnish such information?

THE SURNAME McALEER.

(e.) The address or addresses of same."

This name does not appear in this form in any book of reference at hand, and it seems probable that it is a corruption. It is not many years since spelling became a common accomplishment, and the spelling of family names even now is capricious. The Archbishop of Tuam, for instance, was the first to write "MacHale." Consequently, it would be well to search for all names that could possibly be transformed to McAleer; that is, all including the initial sound of "m", followed by "c," "k," or a hard "g," succeeded by an "l" or a double "l", and a long "e", an "ea" or a "y". The "A" may have been an I, an "Ea" or an "Ee" originally.

There are genealogical societies in almost all the older large cities of the United States. The address of each is its name and the name of its city, but it is doubtful if any of them could furnish much information beyond what is given here. If, by old letters or records, the correspondent can connect the name with any having a similar pronunciation, he may consider himself on the right track.

McAleer appears in the list of parish priests in Ireland, and there are two English Maclears in "Whos Who" for 1901, but none in the 1905 issue."

Similar inquiries were addressed to The Weekly Freeman, Dublin, Ireland, and the following replies appeared in its columns under their respective dates:

THE SURNAME MCALEER.
THE WEEKLY FREEMAN.

Dublin: Saturday, December 24, 1904.

“MacAleer.” The name MacAleer does not occur in the “Annals of the Four Masters” or the “Annals of Ulster;” but it is quite evident that the proper form of the name is MacLir, which would be pronounced as if written MacAleer. The tendency to make two syllables out of one is very common in the Irish language by speakers of it in every part of Ireland; for instance *ṛeΔη-ḃeΔη*, an old woman, is generally pronounced in three syllables instead of two, as if it were written *ṛeΔηΔ-ḃeΔη*; and the phrase *Δη ḡΔιḡ*, very good, is also generally pronounced in three syllables as if written *ΔηΔ ḡΔιḡ*.

There seems hardly any doubt that *ḡηΔc leΔṛ* and *ḡηΔc lḡṛ* (MacAleer and MacLir) are the same name, for the accented “i” in Lir would be pronounced like “ee.” Mananan MacLir figures prominently in Ancient Irish romance. He is reported to have been a great navigator and something of a pirate, who owned the Isle of Man, or lived in it, in the first century of the Christian era. It is said that the Isle of Man is called after him. MacLir means “son of the sea,”—lir being the genitive of *lear*, the sea.

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

THE WEEKLY FREEMAN.

Dublin: Saturday, April 15, 1905.

“ M’Aleer and M’Clure.” Some weeks ago a correspondent wrote to the Weekly Freeman to find out the original form of the name MacAleer. Researches were made, and some probable ancient forms of the name were given; but since then further researches in ancient annals and unpublished documents have shown a more trustworthy origin of the names MacAleer and MacClure than was given at first. Both names seem with a probability amounting almost to a certainty, to be derived from the same source, and to be the same name, the original form of which was **Mac Giolla Uidhir** (MacGille Uidhir), meaning the son of a servant, disciple, or follower of the pale or dun one. “Gille,” now generally spelt “Giolla,” means a servant, follower, or imitator, and is a very common prefix to Irish personal names, and often appearing in such shortened forms as “Gill” and “Kill,” as in the names Gillespie, Kilmurray, etc. “Uidhir” is the genitive singular masculine of the adjective “odhar,” meaning pale or dun, man or person being understood. That which gives the greatest probability that MacGille Uidhir is the correct and ancient form of the names MacAleer and MacClure, is the fact that it is found in the most important and trustworthy of Irish annals—namely, the Annals of the Four Masters and the Annals of Ulster; while the modern forms of the name, MacAleer and MacClure, are not found in them, or in any other annals that have indexes of their contents attached to them. MacGille Uidhir seems to be also the same, or nearly the same, name as

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

MacGuire, McGuire, or, as sometimes spelled, Maguire, for the original form of it, Mac Uidhir, is found in MacFirbis's unpublished book of genealogies. The change that Irish surnames beginning with the prefix Gille have undergone since they became Anglicised, are extraordinary. Mac Gille Arraith, has become Mac Allary, Mac Gille Righ has become Mac Elroy; Mac Gille Iosa has become Mac Leese; Mac Gille Maire has become Gillmore, etc., etc. Mac Gille Uidhir is not only an ancient name, but also an illustrious one, for Eachdunn Mac Gille Uidhir was the name of the highest church dignitary in Ireland in the thirteenth century; he was Archbishop of Armagh, and died in Rome in the year 1216. His death is recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters and in the Annals of Ulster. He must have been a prelate of great ability and in great esteem, for he attended the Council of Lateran in Rome in the year 1215, and was a member of it."

The following is from a well known Irish scholar, antiquary, author, and contributor to the genealogical columns of many papers:

Washington, D. C., November 18, 1896.

DR. GEORGE MCALEER,

Dear Sir:—Since I got your letter this morning I have examined all the works on Irish Genealogy now available, hoping to be able to give a satisfactory answer to your inquiry as to the origin and derivation of your name. But the only work in which I found the name McAleer mentioned was in the "Appendix to the Annual Report of the Registrar General of Marriages, Birth, and Deaths in Ireland." In this work there is a special report

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

on surnames in Ireland in which there is a table of the number of births for the year, of family names, together with the Province and counties in which they were principally found.

In this list I found that in all Ireland there were 17 McAleers born, of which 13 were credited to the County Tyrone. That statement, taken in connection with the fact of your parents being from Tyrone clearly points out the ancient tribe-land of your race.

Now, in turning to the Topographical Appendix in John O'Mahony's Translation of Keating's History of Ireland we find that:

“ Tir Eogain (Tyrone) obtained its name from Eogan or Owen, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages who conquered this territory in the beginning of the fifth century, and hence its name Tir Eogain, or the country of Owen, afterwards anglicised into Tiroen or Tyrone.

The descendants of Eogan were the most celebrated of all the Milesian clans; of them a great many were Kings of Ulster and sixteen were monarchs of Ireland.”

Among the numerous septs and sub-septs who derive their descent from Eogan, I find about forty mentioned by name, and although “ McAleer ” is not among them, owing possibly to not being as conspicuous as the more powerful septs, that fact does not militate against their claiming kinship with O'Neill.

I find, moreover, mention made of the territory of Ui Laoghaire of Lough Lir in Tyrone. But Lough Lir most probably derived its name from some prehistoric individual such as the Lir mentioned by Moore—or the reputed father of Man-

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

nanan Mac Lir—one of the Sea-gods of Pagan Ireland.

Whatever may have been the extent of the MacAleer's tribal territory in ancient times, it is evident that the clan clung tenaciously to the old spot where there is still more of them located among the "Green Hills of Tyrone" than in all the rest of Ireland together.

I wish it was in my power to throw more light on the origin of your family name, but that its parent stock was the *Clan Niall* I have no doubt whatever.

I remain, dear sir,
Sincerely yours,

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

Goshen, Larbert,
Scotland, 15th May, 1905.

DR. GEORGE MCALEER,

Dear Sir:—I hope my delay in answering you will be excused. After some inquiry I began to think it was of no use looking for traces of MacAleer in Scotland, so I approached Mr. E. E. Fournier, of the Celtic Association of Ireland, as a likely person to help, and his notes, which I send you entire, may, I think, convince us that I was right.

County Tyrone in the Province of Ulster, Ireland, appears to be the cradle of the McAleers, and Mr. Fournier shows how they stand in numbers in comparison with other names there.

It only remains for me to try to explain how your progenitor might have emigrated from Scotland. It might be thus. In the 17th and 18th centuries, when this country was in an unsettled

THE SURNAME McALEER.

state, a great many North of Ireland men came over to the Highlands of Scotland to assist the waning cause of the Stuart Sovereigns, and some of them settled down there. After the last rising in Scotland in 1745-46 was suppressed the Highland Chiefs found there was no further use for their Clanmen, and that large sheep farms paid better. Whole glens and districts were depopulated of the smaller tenantry, who from that time till the middle of the 19th century, were forced to leave their native land in ship loads for Canada and the States, and who knows but a McAleer happened thus to be among the exiles who left the "lone shieling on the misty Island?" That is the only theory I can offer.

Trusting Mr. Fournier's notes will interest you, I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,
H. CAUDER STEWART.

Further correspondence was continued with Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fournier, the result of which is practically embodied in a later letter received from Mr. Fournier, and is as follows:

Celtic Association,
Dublin, Ireland, June 24, 1905.

DEAR DR. McALEER:—

I am glad my search concerning your name has been a source of pleasure to you. I feel that there is still a great deal to be found out about it, and I shall continue to study it. Your Scottish friend's information is interesting, but faulty in several particulars.

Lear and Leary are entirely different names. I know of no precedent for dropping the final syllable. There is "Hart" (O'h-Airt) and "Harty"

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

(O'Carrthaigh), but as you see their origin is entirely different.

Manannan MacAleer is the Gaelic sea-god. Leery is the well known Laoghaire, King of Tara.

Your country Irishman is sadly astray about Gallagher. The original form of that is Gallechobhair, as most school-children hereabout know. The "A" in your name is distinctive, and must be accounted for. No simple "Leer" will do; there is a reason for everything, and the "A" can only be the article *an* elided or the remnant of Giolla.

The Mana form of MacLear would be Clear. I must look it up in the "Moore's Mana Names," but it is not your name. Meanwhile, I send you the Congress number of our Magazine, "Celtia."

Yours sincerely,

E. E. FOURNIER.

P. S. My friend, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, derives your name from Mac Giolla Uidhir making it synonymous with Maguire. This is not impossible. I give you the following tracing of the name and suggestions:

1. Origin, Meaning and spelling.

Origin is obscure owing to its rarity. The name does not occur in O'Heeran and O'Doogan's Topography. No information in O'Hart's "Irish Pedigrees." Mr. J. H. Lloyd suggests MacGiolla Ire, Ir being a son of Milesius. But this is not corroborated, nor likely, since the final *e* would not be dropped.

In the "Annals of the Four Masters" I find the following:

A. D. 1249, Andreas MacGillager, successor of Fechin, died. He was an abbot of Cong, County

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

Mayo. This is the most probable derivation: MacGilla Ger, or in modern Irish spelling Mac Giolla Gheir, the son of a servant or disciple of St. Ger, pronounced MacGilly Yare.

2. It is a name by itself, and has no branches or derivations. See Matheson's *Varieties and Synonyms of Surnames and Christian names in Ireland*, 1890. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1s. 2d.)

3. Almost exclusively in County Tyrone, notably in Omagh, Fintona, Pomeroy, and Newtown-Stewart, among all classes. Matheson (*Special Report on Surnames in Ireland*, 1894. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 7 1-2 d.) records its occurrence in the Birth Returns of Ireland for 1900, 17 times; 16 of these being in Ulster (13 of which in Tyrone, and 1 in Leinster). The more prevalent names in Tyrone range from Quinn (40) through Mullen, Kelley, Donnelly, Gallagher, MacKenna, Campbell, Hughes, Wilson, McLaughlun, O'Neill, Doherty, and Smith, to Hamilton (23 entries).

4. It appears to be a purely Irish name without a clear Scottish equivalent. I am not aware of any special historical associations connected with the name.

E. E. FOURNIER.

Celtic Association,

Dublin, 10th May, 1905.

Darrow, Queens County, Ireland,

July 3, 1906.

Dear Sir:—

Mac and O' are not identical in meaning. Mac means son of; O' means grandson or more remote descendant of.

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

Those prefixes came into use in Ireland in the reign of King Brian Boru, who was slain at the Battle of Clontarf, Dublin, in 1014. King Brian Boru issued an edict that his subjects should adopt a family name; and in submission to this edict some called themselves Mac so-and-so, from their fathers, others so-and-so from their grand-fathers or some other more remote ancestor.

In Ireland, at least, surnames had their origin in the Milesians, to which race Brian Boru and all the nobility of Ireland in his time belonged. Surnames were not in use, or at least in anything like general use, in Ireland till King Brian Boru's time.

As to the suffix "son," I am unable to say when it began to be used; but I should say that there are few traces of it previous to the 13th century.

W. C. CARRIGAN, C. C.

7 North Strand,
Dublin, March 8, 1905.

Dear Sir:—

As I am the person who wrote the article on the name MacAleer in the Weekly Freeman some months ago, the Editor has handed me your letter of February 17 to answer. I will do everything in my power to find out the origin of the name, and will write you at length about it in a week or two. I dare say that, having made a study of personal names for a long time, I may be as competent as most to give you the information you require, as I know both old and modern Gaelic fairly well. We have one of the finest libraries in Europe here in Dublin; and I'll search every publication in it to give you information about the name. But Celtic

THE SURNAME McALEER.

personal names form an obscure subject of research; however, I will do all I can.

Very sincerely yours,

Dr. George McAleer, T. O'NEILL RUSSELL.
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

37 North Strand,
Dublin, April 8, 1905.

DR. GEORGE McALEER,
Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—Yours of March 25 just received. I think that you shall have to put all ideas of a Norse origin of your name out of your head. It is, however true, that in all countries tracing the origin of names, both of persons and places, is generally a difficult, and often a never-ending-in-positive-truth task.

Having searched all the genealogies and annals that are known to exist, such as the Annals of the Four Masters, the Annals of Ulster, the Annals of Loch Ce, Mac Firbis's Genealogies, and the fifty odd pages of Annals and Genealogies in the Book of Leinster, without much of any profit, I called yesterday on the Rev. Edmond Hogan, S. J., of the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, Dublin. He is by far the most cultured of Irish priests,—a profound scholar in almost every branch of learning. He has written several books on Irish grammar and language idioms and is now engaged on an "Onomasticon," or work on Irish place names. In a word, I consider him to be the greatest living authority on names of persons and places in Ireland. He thinks that Dr. Joyce's book on Irish place-names, great and valuable as it is, has been written so long, and so much has been learned

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

about the Irish language since it was written, that something new on the subject is required.

He thinks that the original form of the name MacAleer was *Mac Giolla Uidhir* (*Mac Giolla Uidhir*), or in literal English, “the son of the follower of the pale, wan, or dun, (one).” *Uidhir* is pronounced, as nearly as it can be written, *ooir*. The well authenticated forms of other names in English when they have the prefix *Mac Giolla*, in the original Irish, gives great probability to Father Hogan’s idea that the original form of the name Mac Leare was *Mac Giolla Sosa*, “son of the servant or follower of Jesus.” We know that the name Mac Alarry, and our authorities are the late John O’Donovan and the late W. N. Hennessey (the foremost Irish scholars of their day), was originally *Mac Giolla Arraith*. We know that the name Mac Elroy was in the original Irish *Mac Giolla Righ*, “the son of the servant, disciple, or follower of the king.”

The word *uidhir*, meaning pale, wan, or dun, is the genitive singular masculine of the adjective *odhar*. Its genitive feminine *uidhra* is found in the name of one of the most precious of Ancient Irish Manuscripts the *Leabhar na bó uidhra* (*Leabhar na bó uidhra*), or translated, “The Book of the dun cow,”—because the vellum on which it was written was made out of the skin of a dun cow. The name has been shortened into *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, the word *bó*, a cow, being understood before the adjective *uidhre*. It would seem, then, according to the Rev. E. Hogan, that *Mac Uidhir*, the authenticated original Irish form of Mac Guire, or Maguire, *Mac Giolla Uidhir* (*Mac Giolla Uidhir*), the supposed original form of Mac Clure, and *Mac Giolla Uidhir*, the supposed original form of

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

Mac Aleer, are practically the same name; for the word *uidhir*, genitive masculine singular of *odhar*, dun, pale, wan, seems to be the foundation from which the names MacAleer, MacClure, and MacGuire, or Maguire have sprung.

There are what might be called positive and negative proofs that the original Irish form of MacAleer was *Mac Giolla Uidhir*, servant, disciple, follower or imitator of the dun (one), which must not be overlooked; for the Irish form of the name, exactly as I have written it, occurs in the annals of Ulster under the year 1216, where it is stated that *Eachdunn Mac Giolla Uidhir*, Archbishop of Armagh, died. He must have been an eminent man, for he was a member of the Lateran Council of A. D. 1215. That is something positive. The negative is in the seemingly total absence of the names MacAleer, MacClure, and MacLir from the Indexes of personal names in Irish Annals,—and I have searched them all. The earliest mention of the name MacLir is found in Cormac's Glossary, written about the year 900, and here it is:—

“Manannan MacLir, a celebrated merchant who was in the Isle of Mann. He was the best Pilot that was in the west of Europe. He used to know by studying the Heavens, the period which would be fine weather, and when bad weather, and when each of these two conditions would change. “*Inde Scoti et Britonis eum deum vocaverunt maris; et inde filium maris esse dixerunt, i. e. MacLir, son of the sea. Et de nomine Manannan the Isle of Man is named.*” All the English in the above extract is a translation of the Irish. The Latin is not translated. Irish and Latin are often curiously mixed in Ancient Irish documents. Cor-

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

mac's Glossary, from which the above extract is taken, was translated by the justly celebrated John O'Donovan, and edited by another great Irish scholar, still living, Whitley Stokes.

I have found the name Mac Uidhir in MacFirbis's Genealogies, but the date of his birth or death is not given. All that is known or said about him is that he was of the Cineul Eoghain, or people of Tyrone. MacFirbis's book was written about the year 1650. It is a very large book of 800 pages, all in Irish. It has not yet been translated or published; but a very fine manuscript copy of it, made by Eugene O'Curry, is in the Royal Irish Academy. The original copy in the handwriting of Mac Firbis is in the possession of the Earl of Roden. It is a book of great value, and should have been published long ago, and would have been but for lack of funds. Just imagine the paltry sum the Royal Irish Academy gets from the English government—less than £3,000 a year, while the British Museum gets £140,000.

I think I have now given you all the information about the name McAleer that I have been able to get up to the present; but be assured that if I come on any more information about it I will communicate it to you.

I think that what I have been able to gather so far, is very much in favor of proving that *Mac Giolla Uidhre* (*Mac Giolla Uidhre*), "son of the follower of the dun" (one) is the original form of your name. I have not been able to find the nominative form of the genitive *uidhir*, which is *odhar*, in any of the genealogies, and evidently because all Irish surnames are in the genitive; Mac or O' is always expressed or understood before them, and that throws the root name into the

THE SURNAME McALEER.

genitive. Who the *odhar*, or “dun” (one or name understood) was I have not been able to find out.

There are some place names in these Islands and I cannot think otherwise than that they are connected with Mannanan Mac Lir. There is Lyrpool, the oldest known spelling of Liverpool, and there is Dun-Lir, in the County Louth.

Many thanks for your P. O. order; but you might not have sent it; for I am ever willing to give any information I can give on a subject in which I take such interest as in that of Irish personal names and place names.

Very sincerely yours,

T. O'NEILL RUSSELL.

P. S. I was not right in saying that the name *Mac Giolla Uidhir* was spelled thus in the Annals of Ulster, for the second word is spelled “Gille,” which was the old orthographical form.

37 North Strand, Dublin, May 3, 1905.

GEO. McALEER, Esq., M. D.,

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Dear Sir:—

I posted you a card on Saturday, April 29, acknowledging your favor of April 17, I think, and thanking you for your remittance of £——. You are embarrassingly generous for I did not expect any remuneration whatever for doing the very small thing you asked me to do for you — a thing that was a real pleasure to me; for I have always taken a great interest in the subject of Irish personal and place names, and have made it a study for many years. So I hope that if you should wish to make further inquiries on the subject, you will not fail to apply to me; and be assured that I

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

will do everything in my power to answer any inquiries you may ask of me; but please remember, no more remittances.

I have hardly a shadow of a doubt as to the absolute correctness of the origin of the name MacAleer, which I gave you in my last; but you seem to think that those who bore it were not originally of Irish Celtic stock. There is no reason whatever to think that they were not, but every reason to think that they were. We may not be able to find out who the original *odhar*, or dun or pale one, was, after whom the *Mac Giolla Uidhirs*, that is the MacAleers and MacClures were named; but that he was a native Irishman and a Celt, there is no reason to doubt. Irish personal names very often arise from personal peculiarities, as the very common name Traynor, or Trainir, from *Treure fhear*, meaning strong man; Munroe, from *Muin ruadh*, meaning red neck; Kanavan from *Ceann ban*, meaning whitehead; Campbell, from *Cam beal*, meaning crooked mouth; Cameron, from *Cam shron*, meaning crooked nose; Galbraith from *Geal bairead*, meaning white hat; Sullivan in all probability, from *Suil bhan*, meaning white eye; Confiekle, from *Con fiacail*, meaning dog or hound-tooth, given probably to some one who had remarkably fine, white teeth. But the most curious instance of the change that Irish names undergo when they become Anglicised is found in the very common Irish name, Gaynor. In Irish it is MacFhionnbhar, from *Finn* or *Fionn*, white, and *barr*, top,—applied evidently to some one who had very white hair. It is interesting to trace how the phonetic changes occurred in this name, when it came to be pronounced by English speakers. The Irish pronunciation of the name is, as nearly

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

as it can be given phonetically, Moh Innawar, the the initial *F* being silent in Irish. The initial *M* became lost, the *c* of Mac became thickened into *g*, and so we have Gaynor! Such is one instance of the extraordinary manner in which Irish surnames become corrupted when pronounced by speakers of English. Do not suppose that I relate the seemingly impossible change that has taken place in the name “Mac Fhionnbharr” solely on my own authority, for I have the authority of the greatest Irish scholar who ever lived for it, namely, John O’Donovan. We know that MacAonghuis has become Guines, Guinness, Ennis, Innis, Mc Guinness, and MacInness.

You will, no doubt, be glad to hear that never before in modern times has such widespread and general interest been taken in the Celtic language, Celtic literature, and Celtic history, than at present, and never, perhaps, during many centuries past, have there been so many competent Celtic, particularly Gaelic, scholars in existence as there are at present. The immense quantity of ancient and still untranslated Irish Manuscripts that exist, and the uniqueness of their contents, have awakened the curiosity of many of the foremost scholars not only of these islands but also of continental Europe; and Germany, it would seem, can boast of possessing more good scholars in old and middle Irish than Ireland can. France has very good Gaelic scholars also, and in Paris is published a most important publication dealing solely with Celtic literature, namely the “*Revue Celtique*.” It treats of Welsh and Breton as well as of Irish; but I need hardly say that more space is given in it to Irish than to any other of the Celtic languages. The

THE SURNAME McALEER.

“*Revue Celtique*” is issued four times a year, and is partly in French and partly in English, but mostly in French. Germany has also a publication dealing exclusively with Celtic languages, but principally with Irish. The name of the publication is “*Zeitschrift der Keltische Sprache*,” I think; and it is published in Halle, Germany.

I send you by this post a drama of mine entitled, “The Last Irish King.” It has been greatly, perhaps unworthily, admired, and pronounced, even by some who are the reverse of nationalists the best historical drama relating to Ireland that has ever been written. Copies of it have been sent to almost every publication in London that reviews books, but not one of the purely English ones has ever noticed it. If the drama, like some utterly ridiculous ones by one Yates and others, treated of Ireland *before* the English invasion, the English reviewers would have noticed it; but because “The Last Irish King” exposes English injustice and cruelty in Ireland, English reviewers boycott it! Can anything more superlatively mean than this be conceived? But in spite of the way the drama has been boycotted by English reviewers, it has been a great success in Ireland. It was acted three times in Cork last winter by the Cork National Theatre Society, and will be acted in many places throughout Ireland next winter. Four enormous volumes, the object of which was to give short sketches of *all* who have distinguished themselves as writers of English in England, Ireland and Scotland from the time of Chaucer to the time of Tennyson, have lately appeared in London; but not one word is said in them about Davis, Mangan, MacCarthy, Lover, Ferguson, Magee, or even Lever! This will show you the way everyone who

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

preaches Irish nationalism, even in its mildest form, is boycotted by England. The four volumes I have mentioned are by two well known Englishmen named Goss and Garnett. They do full justice to Burke, Goldsmith and Sheridan because these men were *not* national Irishmen, and never raised their voices, or wrote a word about the sufferings of their country, or the wrongs inflicted upon her. Don't suppose that Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" alludes solely to Ireland; the name was coined by Goldsmith. Lissoy is the name of the place where his father's house was, the ruins of which still remain.

The stand that Art Mac Murrough made so long against the overwhelming hosts of the English is the least known, but at the same time it is the most heroic episode in not only all Irish history, but in all history; and it is strange that no one has ever attempted to dramatize it before. I hope you will read the preface before you read the drama, as I have tried to make the latter as truly historic as possible. I have another historical drama entitled "Red Hugh;" or the "Life and Death of Hugh Roe O'Donnell," now ready. It will be published in a month or two, and a copy of it will be sent to you.

Assuring you that I will have the greatest pleasure in answering any of your further enquiries about names, etc., believe me

Very sincerely yours,

T. O. RUSSELL.

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

5 Chester Road,

Dublin, December 12, 1905.

Geo. McAleer, Esq., M. D.,

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

DEAR MR. MCALEER:

Yours of Dec. 11 has just come to hand. I am busy writing a prose work on Ireland, but I should be very busy indeed when I would not make time to answer any question you would ask me.

There exists no rule about the prefixes "Mac" and "O'." Mac means son, and O' means grandson or descendant of. Both by extension of meaning mean a male descendant. The genitive of Mac is Ua, and the genitive of O' is I; but O' and Ua mean exactly the same thing, but the genitive case of Mac or Mc is Ui. All purely Irish surnames must have Mac or O' before them. Neither Mac nor O' nor Ua are ever placed before a woman's name. The feminine prefix is Ui, which seems a shortened form of Inghean, meaning daughter.

Mac in the name of Guinness has not a letter of it left. The name was originally Mac Aonguis in Irish; the *Ma* of Mac got to be disused, and the *c* of Mac got thickened into *g* which became the initial in the name Guinness; but the name Gaynor has undergone the most extraordinary change of perhaps any Irish surname. It was originally Mac Fhionnabhar. The *Ma* or *Mac* got to be omitted; the *F* of the patronymic was not pronounced, as it never is when succeeded by the letter *h*; hence we have the common, plentiful Irish name, Gaynor.

Mac and O', and surnames in general came into use in Ireland in the 10th and 11th century. As far as antiquity and position go, there is no difference between the prefixes O' and Mac. One is as old

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

and as much used as the other, except in Scotland where O' rarely occurs. Only one instance of a name in Scotland with the prefix O' now occurs to me, and that is the name O'Duibhue, which is the real name of the Duke of Argyle, and not Campbell or Cambell, which latter is only a nick-name, and means "crooked mouth." I have been looking through Mac Firbis's genealogies but cannot find your name in them;—the *odhar* or dun or pale one from whom the McAleers, McClures, McGuires and Maguires may have sprung is mentioned, and he is put down as a descendant of Cairhe Liffsachair, who was chief king of Ireland in the third century; but it is impossible to tell who this "odhar" was, for there might be many pale or dun men whose descendants would have the same name stem, and might not be related at all. I think I told you in a former letter that your name occurs once in the Annals of the Four Masters. Here is a copy of the entry: "Each dun Mac Gille Uidhir, Cosob, (successor) of St. Patrick and Primate of Ireland, died in Rome after a well-spent life; A. D. 1216." So you can claim an illustrious namesake, and probably one of the family from whom you are descended. Above is the oldest and the only mention of your name that I have so far been able to find in ancient Irish Annals; but if at some future time I find any mention of it, you may be sure you will hear from me about it. That it is a name derived from personal peculiarity there cannot be a doubt. Many Irish names, as stated in a previous letter, are so derived, such as Muinac, Redneck; Trainir or Trainor, strong man; Cameron, crooked nose, etc., etc. That *Mac Giolla Uidhir* is the proper Irish of your name, neither I, nor any one competent to

THE SURNAME McALEER.

judge of such matters, can have any doubt whatever.

Very sincerely and gratefully yours,

T. O. Russell.

P. S.—As a consonant followed by an *h* as in the word *Uidhir* loses or alters its sound, your name would be pronounced in Irish something like this, *Mok Gill' Eer*,—not very different from MacAleer.

T. O. R.

The writer of the following letter, an Admiral in the British Navy, Traveller and Author, furnishes the following data in reference to the English branch of the family:

Chiddingfold, Godalming, England,

May 30, 1907.

Dr. George McAleer,

Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.,

Dear Doctor:

The question you have asked in your letter of the 17th is a very interesting one, but is not easily answered in a particular, though it may be in a general way. As far as I have learned, the Maclears were originally from the western isles of Scotland and were related to the Maclears, the Macleays, MacIvors, Macdonnells, and McDonnells. My particular branch of Maclears settled in the north of Ireland, but I don't know when. One of them went over to the United States in 1798 and his descendants are there now. Some 30 years ago a

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

cousin of mine met the soi-disant count Albany, and learning that he was the best living authority on all subjects connected with Scottish pedigrees, asked him about the Maclears. He explained to him all about the tribal and clannish obligations of Highland life as far back as Culloden, and he said that Maclear was only one of the variants of a stock name that had split into many sub-divisions — Maclear, Macliver, Macivor, and several others that were all the same, he said, originally, and all came from Skye and the Western isles, and they would have fought under the flag of Campbell, chief of Argyle. He showed him the tartans to which we are entitled, but he thought that probably the particular name would not be traceable now in Skye. For the immigrations into Ireland from the western coast of Scotland were very often the consequences of political misdemeanors which would have meant the block if they had been brought home as the guilty parties, and, therefore, it would generally be an object with those returning to conceal their affairs and to destroy all local traces of their past history.

It is noteworthy that many of the families I have named—the Maclears, Macdonalds, and others have the same crest—a cock—and this is also associated with the sun in splendor in the Antrim arms. I have come across the name Maclear in history, one of that name having been sent to Sweden in 1648, I think, to purchase timber for ship building. If I remember aright, he came from Preston.

The motto with the crest is “*Clarus ab ortu*”—Clear from the beginning. The origin of the name would be very difficult to trace. Surnames were

THE SURNAME McALEER.

of very gradual introduction. Hereditary surnames made their appearance in the 12th century. One may detect the origin of such residential surnames as Woods, Green, Lane, Townshend, Wells and the like in their descriptive entries—John at the Wood; Agnes at the Townsend; William by the Green; Richard by the Kirkgate; Thomas at the Well. In the Celtic names—From Maol, “a tonsured servant,” we have such names as Malone, Maloney, and Mulready. Malcom means the tonsured servant of St. Columba.

Mag or Mac, “Son,” which in Wales becomes Map and Ap, has given rise to a host of patronymic surnames. Maclear is Mac-giolla-ear—the son or follower or servant of John. Mackay, Magee and Kay are corruptions of MacAedha. These last notes I have extracted from Chambers Encyclopædia, which has a very good article on names.

I think I now have given you all that I know about Maclear.

Another cousin, searching some records for a history that he was writing, came across some entries of Maclair. There is no certainty that they are the same, but the names have a strangely familiar sound—who in 1650 as John Maclier or Maclieve (sometimes designated the *Sieur* Maclier and Sir John Maclier) procured ammunition in Sweden for Charles II.

George Mellair of Prestown gave a contribution of £1,000 to buy and receive victuals as prescribed by Act of Parliament, November 15, 1627. Will of Jean, relict of Adam Macclaire in Prestown, 1662-1689. George MacLair of Prestown, deceased.

THE SURNAME MCALEER.

ed son and heir of George Maclair, 1664. John Macklaire owns 6 acres of land and 6 houses in Barbadoes 1678-9.

They were not particular about spelling in those days and those MacLair or Macliers were, doubtless, the progenitors of the Maclears and Macliers of the present time.

I hope this letter may be of some assistance to you.

Yours truly,

J. P. Maclear.



McALEER GENEALOGY.



McALEER GENEALOGY



UGH McALEER¹, as this surname is now spelled by the branch of the family under consideration, and his wife, Catharine Keenan, the ancestors of those whose genealogy is traced in the accompanying pedigree or family tree, were natives of the County Tyrone, Ireland, where they lived their allotted time, and where they are buried with their kith and kin. The dates of their birth, marriage and death are unknown to the writer, but they were, doubtless, born during the last half of the eighteenth century, and died very probably during the early years of the nineteenth.

They were the parents of nine children—Ann, Ellen, Susan, Sabina (Shibby), Mary, Lawrence, Michael, Miles—all of whom reached maturity, and some of them lived to old age. It is not at

McALEER GENEALOGY.

present known to me whether or not their names, as given, are in chronological order, and as opportunity has not offered for the investigation of baptismal or other records, no attempt has been made at verification or correction.

Ann married Peter McCullough; Ellen, Philip McCullough; Susan, Patrick Martin; Sabina (Shibby), Patrick Woods; Mary, —————; Lawrence², Catherine Gormley for his first wife and Mary McCullough for his second; Michael, —————; Miles, Ellen McKeon or McGowan*; and Patrick, Ann McKeon or McGowan; the wives of Miles and Patrick being sisters. So far as known to the writer, with the exception of the son Lawrence², all lived and died in Ireland.

LAWRENCE McALEER² AND HIS DESCENDANTS.

LAWRENCE², son of Hugh¹, was born in 1781. He married his first wife, Catharine Gormley in 1798, when he was seventeen years old. To this union two daughters were born, Ann and Catharine, when the wife and mother died.

He married his second wife, Mary McCullough, in 1808, to which union was born two sons and four daughters, Theresa, Mary, Miles, John, Bridget and Jane, named in the order of their birth. She died in Ireland a few years before he emigrated to Canada in 1831 with his unmarried children, as related elsewhere by his daughter, Mary McGuire, the writer's aunt.

No knowledge of the descendants of his brothers

* Owing to the lack of precision when pronouncing the names McKeon and McGowan they are often confounded. *McKeon*, an Irish surname from Mac or Mc, Son, and *Eoin* or *Ogan*, a youth. This name has undergone many transformations in its orthography, some of which are MacOwen, McEoin, McCune, McKeowen, MacKeon, Ewing, Owens, Owenson and Johnson. Some authorities derive McGowan from the Irish Mac or Mc, son, and *Gobha*, a smith.

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and sisters is known to this branch of the family, save that his brother Patrick, who married Ann McKeon or McGown, had a family of five children, three sons and two daughters, George, Miles, Patrick, Ann and Catharine. George was a farmer and drover—a buyer of live stock that he drove to market and disposed of on market days; Miles, a farmer on the old homestead; Patrick was ordained Priest; Ann married _____; and Catharine married _____.

CHILDREN OF LAWRENCE McALEER² AND THEIR DESCENDANTS.

The offspring of the first marriage were two daughters, Ann and Catharine; and of the second six children—Theresa, Mary, Miles, John, Bridget and Jane.

ANN married _____, and lived and died in Ireland.

CATHARINE married John Bradley. To this union were born two children, Lawrence and Mary, when the husband and father died and was buried in his native county, Tyrone. His widow and her two children immigrated to Canada in 1847 with Michael McCullough and his wife and family, Mrs. McCullough being her half-sister. The widow Bradley died at the home of another half-sister, Mrs. Barney McGuire, in the parish of Ste Brigide, D'Iberville County, Lower Canada, now known as the Province of Quebec, and is buried in the Roman

McALEER GENEALOGY.

Catholic graveyard of that parish. This parish at that time was largely settled by emigrants from Ireland, and because of their numbers and in compliment to them, it was named Saint Bridget, one of the patron saints of their native land.

Her son, Lawrence, married his first wife, Ellen Smith, in Worcester, Mass., and returned to Dunham, P. Q., to live. He bought a farm near his uncle, Michael McCullough, where seven children, the offspring of his first marriage, were born,—Mary Jane, who died in infancy; Catharine, who married Sewall S. Ingraham, in Worcester, Mass., both having died without leaving issue; John, who married Rose McArdle; Mary Ellen; Delia, who married Joseph McGuinness; Thomas, who died in Providence, R. I.; and Elizabeth, who died in childhood. The wife and mother died in her Canadian home and is buried in the Roman Catholic graveyard in Dunham, P. Q.

The father soon after returned to Worcester, Mass., with his family, where he married his second wife, the widow Rose (Doherty) Haulon. To this union were born three children, Anne, who married John R. Murphy, then of Auburn, Mass., but now engaged in the meat and provision business in Waltham, Mass.; Lawrence died in childhood; and John Nicholas, who now resides in Providence, R. I. He died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Murphy, in Waltham, and is buried in St. John's (Roman Catholic) cemetery, Worcester.

Mary Bradley, sister of Lawrence Bradley, married Thomas McGovern of East Farnham, Missisquoi County, P. Q. They had three child-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

ren, Delia, who married John O'Dea, Edward, and Elizabeth, who married David Tinning. She is buried in the Roman Catholic graveyard, Dunham, P. Q.

THERESA, the first offspring of the second marriage, was born May 18, 1809, and she married Michael McCullough of the parish of Drumles Bar, County Tyrone, in 1829. They took their departure for America from Strabane, County Tyrone, April 8th, 1847, together with their four children, Patrick, James, Mary and John, and the widow Bradley, (Mrs. McCullough's half-sister), and her two children, Lawrence and Mary. They sailed from Londonderry, April 16, and landed in Ste. Brigide at the home of Barney McGuire, June 20.

They settled soon after on a farm, then far in the wilderness and miles away from their nearest neighbor, in the town of Dunham, in the County of Missisquoi, near the foot of Pinacle mountain, and now known as East Dunham.

Michael McCullough, whom the writer well remembers, was a tall well-built man, a man of coolness, dignity, and quiet determination—a well-balanced man of more than ordinary ability,—a man who lived an upright and useful life, and died respected by all who knew him. He passed to his reward, October 30, 1873, aged 76 years. His wife died May 25, 1865, aged 56 years and 7 days.

Their son Patrick engaged in the livery stable business in New Haven, Connecticut, where he died a bachelor, and where he is buried.

James was born October 15, 1832, and died March 9, 1895. He married Lucretia Lavery, to which union were born three children, now (1909) living on the old homestead,—Michael, Patrick

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and Jane. His wife was born in St. Armand East, February 3, 1833, and died November 12, 1895. Michael, one of their sons, married Mary Dunleavy of West Shefford, and they live with his brother and sister in the old home,—Patrick and Jane remaining unmarried.

John was drowned in early manhood in Bakersfield, Vt., July 28, 1861, aged 19 years. Mary married Andrew Garland, both of whom are dead.

Michael McCullough and his wife, Theresa, their sons James and John and daughter Mary, James' wife and Mary's husband, are buried in the graveyard adjoining the Roman Catholic Church in Dunham.

MARY, the second child of the second marriage, emigrated to Canada with her father (Lawrence²), brothers and sisters, in 1831. She was married to Barney McGuire in 1835. They were married in the parish church of Saint Mary de Monnoir, County Rouville, P. Q. He was a quiet unobtrusive man, a man of sterling integrity. He was a moulder by trade, but this he abandoned because of delicate health, and they settled on a farm in the parish of Ste. Brigide, County d'Iberville, where they raised a family of eight children,—Catharine Jane, who married William Boucher in Ste. Brigide, November 3, 1875; Francis, who died a bachelor in April, 1867; Mary, died unmarried October 2, 1877; Bridget married Patrick Brennan in Ste. Brigide, November 3, 1865, and died in Lynn, Mass., December 27, 1894, where she is buried; James

McALEER GENEALOGY.

died unmarried December 18, 1872; Agnes, married James Donnelly, February 24, 1873, and they now reside in Lowell, Mass.; Annie died unmarried in 1864; Rosa married Moses Choquette, February 16, 1885, and they now reside upon the old homestead.

Barney McGuire died January 15, 1893, and his wife died May 28, 1896. Both are buried, as are also all their deceased children, except Bridget, in the Roman Catholic graveyard adjoining the parish Church of Ste. Brigide.

MILES³, son of Lawrence², and grandson of Hugh¹, the third child of the second marriage, and father of the writer of this sketch, was born on the old homestead in the County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1811. He married Jane McConnell in 1829, and emigrated to Canada in 1834, with his young wife and three small children, John, Lawrence, and Reynolds, named in the order of their birth, the youngest being an infant about two months old in his mother's arms. Their other children, Barney, Mary, James, George, Joseph and Francis were born on the old homestead upon which their parents first settled soon after coming to Canada, and which is still in the possession of the family.





EMIGRATION OF MILES McALEER³
AND FAMILY.



HE father of Miles McAleer³, Lawrence², and his children, the brother and sisters of Miles, had now been in the new world for some time, and the lengthening days, weeks, and years, instead of breeding forgetfulness and bringing resignation, only emphasized the sorrows of the parting and separation, and intensified the desire for reunion. The infrequent letters that came from far-away America were only as fuel to the fire and hastened the fated hour.

The decision was finally made and the time of their departure fixed. The days were counted, and as they passed, distant friends visited them to offer words of sympathy, comfort, and good cheer. Although fortified by the pleasant anticipations of family reunion in the new world, and buoyed up with the hope of bettering their conditions in a land where all of the persecutions of the old would not follow them, they little realized the sacrifices that they were about to make, or the anguish that the future had in store for them.

The last Sunday came. As usual they were in their accustomed seats in the parish church. How strangely unreal sounded the tinkling bell at the Elevation! The mingled voices and sobs of friends

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and neighbors who surrounded them after Mass seemed as never before. How strangely looked the church when on their way homewards they turned to gaze upon it for the last time! Arrived at their home, only old familiar scenes and surroundings greeted their vision; but now how changed they seemed, and with what a strange significance they now appeared to them; everything that they looked at became more important and dearer than ever before. The westerning sun upon their last day hid itself when nearing the horizon behind a darkening cloud. Night was ushered in, but instead of repose it brought only a load of sorrow—sleep they knew not. Morning dawned and soon all were astir. Their pastor, Rev. Edward Boyle, soon after arrived to bring spiritual comfort and consolation, and to bestow the blessings of the church upon the departing ones. Hoping that his friendship and kindly offices for this portion of his flock might continue with and aid them in their home in the distant western world he placed the following testimonial in the hands of the youthful head of the household:

“ The undersigned certifies that Miles McAleer and wife have lived in this parish many years, conducting themselves honestly, industriously and religiously. I have no hesitation in recommending them as Persons in whom confidence may be safely placed.”

Edward Boyle,
Pastor Lower Bodoney.

May 24, 1834.

During the early morning hours friends and neighbors from far and near gathered with sad-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

dened faces and bated breath. Neighbor spoke to neighbor in whispers. In this sorrowing hour those about to depart from their native land forever were largely left alone with their own flesh and blood—their communings were too tender and sacred to be intruded upon but by those united to them by closest ties. The morning wore away, and at last the rumble of the mail coach which was to carry them to the seaport, was heard in the distance. A wail of sorrow filled the air, but the stage driver, inured to such scenes, hastily dismounted and brusquely called for aid to assist him in loading their scanty belongings. This was soon accomplished when he coarsely ordered them into the coach,—when, oh! the cry of agony at the parting!—the parting forever in this world! Lamentations pierced the skies as a wail of woe from breaking hearts. Torn from the arms of their own flesh and blood and forced into the coach, the crack of the driver's whip was heard, the horses galloped wildly away, and clouds of dust shut them out from the sight of loving friends and from their old hearth and home forever.

To the departing ones it seemed at first as if the light of day had departed and the darkness of night had supervened. An oppressive weight of gloom and sorrow were their only companions throughout the day and the following night. Sailing away from Londonderry, their port of departure, to an unknown world, on the *Mary Cummings*—a rude, unsanitary and ill-provided ship in which passengers were densely packed—an apology for a ship that would not now be allowed to transport cattle—they started on a rough and tempestuous voyage across the Atlantic that lasted nine weeks and three days. It now dawned upon

McALEER GENEALOGY.

them, as never before, what the sundering of old ties and old associations meant. Scalding tears darkened their vision and rolled down their cheeks, and uncontrolled pangs of pain gnawed at their hearts and sent a chill throughout their bodies. Their sorrowful reflections spared them the full realization of the hardships, deprivations and sufferings of the trip. During severe and prolonged storms that supervened the passengers were ordered below, the hatches battened down, and for days at a time they were left to breathe the noxious atmosphere in their close and ill-ventilated quarters,—surpassed only by the black hole of Calcutta. This produced malignant typhus from which some sickened and died—the dreaded ship fever, so-called, which sent thousands and tens of thousands of their countrymen to untimely graves. The most merciless enemy could not devise a more cruel or relentless method by means of which to exterminate an unoffending people.

Language cannot adequately portray the sorrowings and anguish of death and burial at sea, nor the depressing effect it had upon the surviving passengers. The apprehension that each individual might be the next called, or some loved one, gave each moment added significance and lengthened the minutes into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, and weeks into seeming never ending periods of time.

In addition to the other burdens and trials of the wife and mother, she suffered severely from seasickness, had to nurse and care for her infant child but a few weeks old, and assist in the care of her oldest boy, John, then about four years old, who had fallen into a tub of boiling water which so scalded his hands that the fingers of one hand

McALEER GENEALOGY.

dropped off and those on the other were maimed for life. This deplorable accident occurred but a short time before sailing, and the sufferings and helplessness of the child added another great burden to her grief and anxiety.

Arrived at Montreal, they continued their journey by mail stage to St. Johns, and thence in the well known two-wheeled, springless carts of the Habitants over almost impassable roads via Mandigo Corner and Henryville to Bedford,—the only highway then open to Bedford from St. Johns—where a joyous welcome awaited them. The joys of reunion were saddened soon after by the arrival of a letter from the old land which contained the sad news of the death of the father of the wife and mother—then in the vigor of manhood—with a broken heart.

The story of the happiness resulting from the reunion of the long separated members of the family through the emigrations of 1831 and 1834, and the later one of 1847, was often told, and it served to lighten many burdens, to impart cheer to many darkened hours, and to reconcile them to their new homes, deprivations, and surroundings in the Canadian wilderness.

The husband and father, addressing himself at once to the serious, and, under the circumstances, the momentous task of making a home for himself, wife and children in the unbroken wilderness, toiled by day in the village grist-mill, in the oat-drying kiln, where oats were prepared for grinding (oatmeal being then in general use in the household), and in other occupations by day only to return home in the evening to toil well into the night, and sometimes until daybreak the next morning, to reclaim a small portion of the land from the

McALEER GENEALOGY.

primeval forest and fit it for cultivation for the maintenance of himself and family. Nor did the deep snows and excessive cold of the long Canadian winters lighten the toil or lessen the burden, for then must the giant trees be felled, the choicest logs be hauled away to the saw-mill, and the balance gathered into huge piles to be burned during the ensuing summer.

This severe labor that would have discouraged and repelled a man less resolute, and which at the present time seems almost incredible, was continued during nearly all the years of his shortened life. Strange as it may now seem, because of the great forest growth it was many years before a house in the village of Bedford could be seen from his home, although the land is level and the village less than a mile away.

Toiling as he toiled, coupled with anxiety and the responsibility of a large family, the continued strain began to manifest itself in early manhood. For years he complained of weakness and pain in his stomach, and he described the sensation as if a rope was around his body and someone forcibly pulling at each end. The calamitous death of my brother, Lawrence, the second eldest of the family, in Worcester, Mass., in 1856, was a staggering blow from which his sensitive nature never recovered. Under the weight of this great sorrow he continued the work of building, but with lessened energy and resolution, the stone house then (1856) in process of construction upon the old homestead, (which was to displace the original log cabin built in the same yard in 1834, and the frame addition thereto which was built in 1847) and which at this writing in 1909 is in the posses-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

sion of and occupied by three members of the family, Barney, Mary, and Joseph.

Soon after the completion of the family home he began in 1858 the erection of a frame house on the western part of the farm for the eldest member of the family, my brother John, but it was ordained that the devoted father never should see it finished. Of a kindly and sympathetic nature he ever mourned the loss of his son—the first great break in the family circle. The dark shadow of this affliction was an abiding sorrow, and it was painfully evident to his family and friends that it was developing and accentuating his old trouble and making serious inroads upon his constitution. His glossy black hair had grown rapidly grey, the color faded from his cheeks, and his step had lost its wonted elasticity. The man who should have been in the full vigor of manhood at the age of 48, suddenly became as a man borne down with the weight of years. One sunny day in springtime, while supervising the framing of the building, he was suddenly stricken down, falling to the earth as if in a swoon. Kind hands and willing hearts ministered unto him, and when sufficiently revived he was assisted home, some half-mile away. A messenger had preceded him with the sad information when I was directed to go to him with a stimulating remedy, one of the popular nostrums of the time, that he had heretofore taken with apparent benefit.

When I met him he was suffering great pain and looked deathly pale. He took a liberal quantity of the medicine, and after resting a short while and feeling somewhat relieved, his companions assisted him throughout the rest of the journey. On reaching home he immediately went to bed never again to leave it. The Doctor, George E. Pattee,

McALEER GENEALOGY.

M. D., the only doctor then located in Bedford, was in early and almost constant attendance thereafter, but all in vain.

As soon as it became known that he was critically ill, relations, neighbors, and friends from far and near came to inquire for him, and to tender their sympathy and any aid that they could render. But the day for human aid was past. Fortified and consoled by the sacraments of the church, with the rising sun on April 28, 1859, his soul winged its flight to its Maker and his body was freed from pain. His funeral obsequies was largely attended by people from miles around without reference to nationality or religion, and all gave testimony to his worth and loss. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the church then known as Notre Dame des Anges, at Des Rivières, and interment was made in the graveyard adjoining the church connected therewith. Owing to a division of the territory later, and the building of new churches, this church is now replaced by another, Notre Dame de Stanbridge, at a place known locally as Cotures, a few miles away.

He was devotedly loyal to the church of his fathers. He ever strove to exemplify its lofty and elevating precepts and holy teachings in his every-day life. He was ever solicitous to instill religious principles into the minds and hearts of his children, and this he inculcated by example and precept. He lived an upright life, never scandalized his family, nor did aught that needed apology or defense, or that brought a blush of shame to the cheeks of his children. Before retiring at night, family prayers were offered up for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed, and in a special manner for the souls of relatives

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and those for whom there was special obligation to pray, for those in affliction and misery, for the extension of God's kingdom on earth, in thanksgiving for the manifold mercies and blessings of the past, especially for those of the past day, coupled with petitions for the continuance of Divine clemency and blessings,—light, guidance, and strength.

Owing to the necessary general oversight of the farm, to protect the buildings from fire, the care of the stock, and other duties, as well as the distance from church (five miles), but half the members of the family could assist at Mass on Sundays and Holydays, and in this they alternated with each other. During the time of Mass those remaining at home joined in the rosary, in spiritual reading, or in other devotional exercises.

Possessed of more than a rudimentary education, and blessed with sagacity and practical knowledge of adapting means to ends, which he possessed in an unusual degree, he was often consulted by neighbors as to the proper size and location of buildings and their arrangements, the quality and value of domestic animals, the land best adapted for certain crops, the topography of the country in the matter of drainage to get best results, as referee and peacemaker in neighborhood differences and disputes, and in many other things. His honesty of purpose was never doubted; his integrity never questioned.

In personal appearance, he was a man of medium height and weight, of clean-cut, regular and refined features, his face clean-shaven with the exception of a light growth of side-whiskers. While not wholly unmindful of the trivialities of life, he was generally disposed toward the more

McALEER GENEALOGY.

contemplative, serious and exacting. The going hence of many has been signalized by greater ceremony, but few have been more sincerely mourned by all who knew him.

There is no picture of him in existence, but his autograph, taken from an old school book which has been in the writer's possession since written in more than fifty years ago, is herewith appended.



Miles McAleer

Long years since, it was written that "The world knows not its greatest men"; and this is further emphasized in the works of Thomas Browne, published in A. D. 1686, wherein it is recorded: "Who knows whether there be not more remarkable men forgot than any that stand recorded in the known account of Time." If to lead an upright life and do one's full duty to himself, to his family, to his adopted country, and especially to the community in which he lived, although it was along humble lines and circumscribed, constitute true greatness, then indeed was Miles McAleer a success in life and truly great, even though his name is not perpetuated in enduring bronze nor recorded in the pages of history.

Jane McConnell was his worthy wife and helpmate. She was the daughter of Reynolds and Mary (McCullough) McConnell, and was one of a



MRS. MILES (JANE McCONNELL) MCALEER

McALEER GENEALOGY.

family of eight children, three sons and five daughters,—John, Barney, James, Jane, Ellen, Mary, Bridget and Marguerite. I have no data in reference to the sons. Ellen married Michael Brown, a daughter of whom married Joseph McCullough, (a cousin of my father) who immigrated about 1850 to St. Johns, in the Maritime Provinces—but I am not certain whether it was St. Johns, Newfoundland, or St. Johns, New Brunswick. Mary married Felix McBride; Bridget, James Brown; Marguerite, Daniel Gormley; Jane, Miles McAleer, in 1829, when but seventeen years old.

Taking on the responsibilities of life before attaining her majority, she never shirked, never faltered. During the twenty-eight years of their married life they bravely met the storms and buffetings of the world. Of trials and tribulations they had their full share, but these, placing implicit confidence in the mercy of an over-ruling Providence, they bravely encountered and as bravely surmounted. In a less courageous and more effeminate age it is difficult to understand how they survived the many and seemingly overwhelming onslaughts and vicissitudes with which they met, and why they were not overwhelmed by their burdens and cast as shipwrecks upon the shores of Time.

Few can realize to-day what it then meant to go as strangers to a strange land and that land a wilderness,—to go fortified with but little of this world's goods and less influence, to go and burn the bridges behind them, to go as a young couple scarcely beyond their majority burdened with the care of three helpless children, to go into a primeval forest and there unaided to carve out a home

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and rear, feed, clothe, and educate a large family. And yet this is just what this young man, Miles McAleer, and his still younger wife did in the wilds of the Eastern Townships of Canada, seventy-five years ago. The hardships and sorrowings of their departure from the old land, and the discomfortures of the perilous trip across the ocean in those distant times, has already been hinted at, but these frequently had their counterpart, if different, in their later years. I may be pardoned the mention of a few. On their arrival in the township of Stanbridge, they repaired to the small log cabin of my grandfather, Lawrence², on the Ridge, so-called, about midway between Bedford and Stanbridge East, where they remained temporarily—the highway between these points being then but little better than a mere pathway through the woods, and it was impassable for the rude teams of the times during certain portions of the year. At the outset, he found employment in Bedford where he worked twelve hours a day, walking to and from his work morning and night, a distance of about two miles, and frequently carrying merchandise or a bag of grain on his back to the mill, and the flour or meal home again, for the family, or doing a similar service gratuitously for a neighbor.

Christmas came and Henryville, sixteen miles distant, was the nearest place at which midnight Mass would be celebrated. True to their convictions and to the traditions of their ancestors, they decided to attend this function in honor of the Nativity of the Saviour of Mankind. This sixteen miles they would have to travel on foot, and for the most part the road was through the dense primeval forest. There was already a great depth

McALEER GENEALOGY.

of snow upon the ground, but nothing daunted they set out upon the journey at mid-day. The sky was overcast and not a breath stirred the branches, not a sound disturbed the stillness. Slowly they plodded along through the deep snow, the miles doubling in length because of the difficulty of travelling. Twilight supervened during the early afternoon when great downy flakes of snow began to fall, then more and more until it seemed as if they were wallowing in a vast snow ball so densely was the air filled with falling snow. This greatly impeded their footsteps—but resolutely they held their course. Night was upon them, but buoyed up with the hope of receiving the Blessed Sacrament at the midnight Mass, they took new courage and kept hopefully on—and on—but oh!—will they ever reach their destination? Encouraging each other as best they could, they at last came in sight of the church only to see in the distance the lights extinguished one by one, at the end of Mass, and the key turned in the door of the church just when they arrived at its portals. Like Moses they reached the promised land but were not allowed to enter.

Soon after, they purchased the land where they ever after made their home, and begun the erection of a rude log cabin about twenty feet square thereon. Huge forest trees that had been growing from time immemorial had first to be cut down to make the necessary room. A huge coarse stone fire-place was roughly constructed in one end, and for many years this sufficed for the heating, cooking, and frequently the lighting of the new home. The wife and mother, in addition to the exacting labors of the household, found time to assist in clearing the land and in planting and harvesting

McALEER GENEALOGY.

the crops upon the few acres reclaimed from the wilderness. One summer's day a part of the hay crop had been raked together between the stumps when an impending shower prompted her to aid the husband and father to get it into the barn before it would get wet—the oldest boys being still too young to render any assistance. With a courage born of necessity and a disposition to share the burdens of life, she mounted the two-wheeled cart then in use to build the load of hay. The load was nearly ready for the barn when the horse unexpectedly started, and a wheel striking against a stump, she lost her balance and was pitched headlong from the load and sustained a compound fracture of her arm. Such an accident to-day might not seem so terrible but when we consider the circumstances under which it occurred—her household work, her helpless children, the then great difficulty of obtaining medical attendance, and the serious interruption to the work of the farm and consequent loss, we can understand in a measure what such an accident meant to the afflicted ones in those early times.

The Papineau rebellion of 1837 furnished another painful episode in her life, although in more favored times she never related the experience without enjoying a hearty laugh at her unexpected misfortune. To prevent a general uprising of the dis-affected, whose one ambition was to give their country responsible government in fact as well as name, and to guard outlying and more important parts, nearly all of the able-bodied men were called into military service—my father with the rest. This left my mother alone to care for the family, the stock in the barn, and other farm duties. My father had only been bringing an oc-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

casional load of wood to the house during the winter, devoting most of his time to getting out logs and hauling them to the saw-mill in the village.

The supply of wood for the big fireplace becoming exhausted she took the axe and sought a supply in the nearby woods. She soon found a huge overturned birch tree when she gave thanks for her good luck in being spared the necessity for chopping down such a large hard-wood tree. Such time as she could spare during the day she exerted herself to her utmost, and when night came, although completely exhausted with the toil of the day, she rejoiced in having a handsome pile of hard-wood in the wood-box in the house and more in the woodshed as a reward of her vigor and industry.

Imagine her plight and feelings when during the evening she noticed her fine display of wood in the house degenerate into a mass of rotten rubbish! The tree had been long overturned, and the rotten wood, filled with the fall rains, had frozen so firmly as to appear like solid wood; but now the heat from the fireplace thawed it out and revealed its true condition and added another to the list of this brave woman's disappointments and sorrows.

But a sadder day dawned when my brother Lawrence, a mother's pride and a mother's joy, having reached his majority, took his departure to the old Bay State in 1853—the first break in the family circle. The prospect of a brighter future induced him, as it has thousands of others of the most enterprising and vigorous young men from Canada, to make his home in a more favored land, and this served to assuage the pain of parting if it did not wholly obliterate its sting.

MCALeer GENEALOGY.

Three long years had run their course, and he was soon expected to fulfill a promise to re-visit the parental roof and gladden the hearts of father and mother and sister and brothers by the pleasures of a re-united family in the new home then in process of construction. Alas! for the planning and expectations of man! On a fated day, June 6, 1856, he, with others, joined in firing a salute of 100 guns from a cannon on the public park in the city of Worcester in honor of the nomination of James Buchanan to the Presidency of the United States, when the cannon was prematurely discharged and he was killed.

A messenger from Swanton, Vermont, some fifteen miles away, then the nearest telegraph office, brought the dispatch announcing the calamity. Language is entirely inadequate to describe the scene that followed and I shall not attempt it. Work upon the stone house then in process of erection, which was to replace the original log cabin and later addition thereto, was suspended, and my father hurriedly set out upon the sorrowful journey to attend the funeral obsequies. Anxious days and sleepless nights of seeming never ending duration passed away before his return, and meanwhile the darkened clouds grew blacker and the burden of sorrow bore down more heavily upon all the afflicted ones. His return brought no amelioration. Everything seemed changed, and passing months and years brought no sunshine to the home nor balm to the grief-stricken ones. Father never saw another well day, and he passed to his reward in less than three years afterwards, at the early age of forty-eight years when he should have been in his prime.

This double affliction filled the mother's cup of

McALEER GENEALOGY.

sorrow to overflowing; but recognizing her duty to her large family she devoutly sought aid and strength from on high and resolutely faced the future. Her solicitude for her children knew no bounds, and if they failed to lead upright and useful lives, to do their full duty and win the respect and confidence of their neighbors and acquaintances, it cannot be attributed to negligence or failure on her part to do her duty, for she ever strove by prayers, by example, by precept, and unceasing appeal, to make them God-fearing and useful members of society—a credit to their religion, to the nationality from which they sprung, to the name they bore, and to the country in which they lived. Seven years later she was called upon to mourn the death of the youngest member of the family, Francis, who died April 25, 1865, at the early age of fifteen years—the last family bereavement that she was called upon to suffer.

Three of her children, Barney, Mary and Joseph, remained with her on the old homestead, where they constantly and successfully labored to make the thirty-two remaining years of her life years of comfort and happiness,—not only to discharge the debt of filial devotion but also to recompense her as far as possible in her declining years for the toil, anxiety, hardships and sufferings that she so uncomplainingly endured during her earlier years. Her later years were filled with comfort and happiness. The sunset of her existence came in the fullness of years, and fortified by the sacraments of the Church and in full confidence of realizing the promises and mercies of her Redeemer, she cheerfully and resignedly awaited the end. Her days were lengthened to the venerable age of eighty-five years, when the

McALEER GENEALOGY.

Master's call came March 12, 1897, and she quietly sank to rest. A large concourse of appreciative and sympathetic friends and neighbors attended her funeral obsequies at the church of Saint Damien in the village of Bedford, and her remains were interred in the graveyard adjoining the church.

CHILDREN OF MILES AND JANE (McCONNELL) McALEER.

John, the eldest of the family, was born June 25, 1830, in the Parish of Lower Bodoney, County Tyrone, Ireland, and came a mere child with his parents to Bedford in 1834, where he ever afterwards lived the life of a successful and prosperous farmer.

He was married in the church of Notre Dame des Anges (Des Rivières), November 12, 1861, to Ellen Moroney, who was born May 17, 1843, in the County Kilkenny, Ireland.

They settled on a portion of the old McAleer Homestead farm where they ever afterwards made their home. They were the parents of seven children, Mary Jane, Agnes Ellen, Sylvester Miles, Annie Elizabeth, Dora Bernadette, Edward Francis, Alice Theresa,—the name of Agnes Ellen having been inadvertently omitted from the accompanying Genealogical Chart or Family Tree. Of this family but four now survive. Agnes Ellen died January 17, 1890, and Dora Bernadette, February 7, 1895. They are buried in the graveyard at the parish church of St. Damien in Bedford. Edward Francis, a youth of talent and great promise, died July 15, 1901, while a medical student in his second year in McGill University. The husband and father died October 19, 1902.

McALEER GENEALOGY.

Father and son are buried in the new Roman Catholic graveyard north of the village of Bedford, recently a part of Edmand's farm, so-called. The wife and mother immigrated to Stanbridge with her widowed father and a brother and sister in A. D. 1848.

Lawrence, the second eldest of the family, then a little child, came from Ireland with his parents in 1834, and grew to manhood in Bedford. He was persuaded by his cousin, Lawrence Bradley, to accompany him to Worcester, Mass., in 1853. Here he married Mary Hill, a native of Fortland, County Roscomman, Ireland, in Saint John's church, in 1855. He was accidentally killed in Worcester, June 6, 1856, as related elsewhere. He is buried in St. John's cemetery, Worcester. Their son, Lawrence H., was born June 16, 1856, ten days after the death of his father. He has always made his home in Worcester, where he now resides. The wife and mother died September 13, 1900, and is buried in St. John's Cemetery, Worcester.

Reynolds, the youngest of the family born in Ireland, on reaching man's estate, served a three years' apprenticeship with A. L. Brown in Bedford, 1852-5, to learn the Harness and Saddler's trade, when he also went to Worcester and found employment at his trade with Daniel Brown, with whom he remained thirteen years, when he purchased the business from his employer a short time before he died. A partnership was soon after formed between him and his brother George, under the firm name of R. McAleer & Co., and they have successfully conducted this business down to the present time, a period of more than forty years.

McALEER GENEALOGY.

He was married in Saint Anne's Church, Worcester, August 15, 1864, by Very Rev. John J. Power, D. D., V. G., the then Pastor, to Catharine Dunn of Worcester. She died April 30, 1888.

To this union were born five children, three of whom died in infancy. Their son George F. married Elizabeth Winter of Worcester, and they have a family of three children, Marion, Vera, and Reynolds. Their other son, William J., married Annie T. Kane of Worcester, where they reside.

James was married to Electa A. Benner, a native of Waldoboro, Me., by Father Rossi in the Roman Catholic church, Saxonville, Mass., September 2, 1875. Their home is in South Framingham, Mass. They have no children.

George, the compiler and publisher of these records, was married to Helen Frances Kendall, who was born in Groton, Mass., but whose home has been in Worcester from early youth, June 2, 1874, in Saint Paul's church, Worcester, Mass., by the Pastor, Very Rev. John J. Power, D. D., V. G., and they have since resided in Worcester.

The following sketch appears in "Historic Homes and Institutions and Genealogical and Personal Memoirs of Worcester County, Massachusetts: The Lewis Publishing Company, New York and Chicago, 1907:"

"George McAleer, the subject of this sketch, one of a family of nine children, which consisted of eight sons and one daughter, was born November 29, 1845, on the old homestead, near the village of Bedford, Missisquoi County, P. Q., which has been in the possession of the family since 1834, and the official record of his baptism is in the archives of the Roman Catholic Church in Henryville in the same County and Province. Naturally apt in learning, he completed the course at the district

McALEER GENEALOGY.

school at an early age, and was sent to Stanbridge Academy, in his native county, an institution of much more than local repute, where he studied the classics and higher mathematics, and was graduated in 1863. During his senior year, he taught classes in Latin, Greek and mathematics. He then took the government examination for school teachers, received a Diploma of the First Class, and taught school for a time at Hancock Hill in St. Armand, County of Missisquoi, Province of Quebec. Never an admirer of royalty nor of the British Government, he decided to make his home in the United States, a land of greater opportunities for the young and enterprising, and in 1865 he located in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he has since made his home. He obtained employment as book-keeper in a store of the city, and began the study of medicine during his leisure hours. In 1866 he entered upon his medical course in Philadelphia, where he received his Degree in 1870.

Being of an inventive turn of mind, he had, in the meantime, made several inventions for which he had obtained Letters Patent. The Folding chairs made under his patents became so popular that they led all others in the markets of this and many foreign countries, and the royalties netted him a handsome sum. Rival manufacturers infringed upon his patents, and this led to extensive and expensive litigation at the time of his graduation, which continued in the Federal Courts for six years, and this occupied his time so fully as to prevent him from engaging in the practice of his profession. Such snatches of time as he had at his command, he devoted to the aid of his brother, Reynolds McAleer, who came to Worcester in

McALEER GENEALOGY.

1855, where he has since made his home. Dr. McAleer assisted him in the management of the office, in the business department, and in the development and extension of the Harness and Saddlery business in which he was engaged, and, when the patent litigation had terminated successfully, he disposed of the Folding chair business and the patents under which they were made to good advantage. The business of his brother having meanwhile been expanded to profitable proportions, Dr. McAleer became a partner and the business has now been successfully conducted by the brothers under the firm of R. McAleer & Company, during the lengthened period of forty years. This firm is well and favorably known in the business world, and enjoys the patronage of the best families and substantial stable-keepers and horse owners of the city and surrounding country, who demand high-class, dependable goods. Reynolds McAleer, the senior member of the firm, is a master of his trade, and has been identified with the Harness and Saddlery business of the city for more than fifty years.

When the Bay State Savings Bank was organized in 1895, Dr. McAleer, one of the prominent men who had part in its organization, was elected Treasurer, his present position, though he still retains his interest in the old firm. The Bay State Savings Bank is located at No. 476 Main Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, and has a history of steady growth and prosperity. He is a Trustee of St. Vincent's Hospital since its organization; a Director of Mount St. Joseph's Industrial School, Millbury, Mass., since its organization; a Director of the Megantic Fish and Game Corporation, one of the leading Sportsman's Clubs of the Country;

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and was a director in the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway when it was sold out, re-organized and transformed into a trolley line.

Dr. McAleer is a man of versatile tastes and talents. In politics he is a Democrat of the old school, but puts men and measures above loyalty to party. Although frequently solicited to do so, he never engaged in political strife nor held public office. The self-assertion of office-seekers, the clamor for station and place, the ante-election intrigue, trading, double-dealing of heelers and aspirants for recognition, station and place—the anything to win—and the subsequent shuffling, backing and filling, for selfish ends or party gain, are to him so offensive and repellant that he would never lend himself to become a party thereto. Not desiring public office, he made his home in a ward having an overwhelming majority of Republican voters. In religion Dr. McAleer is a Roman Catholic and a prominent member of St. Paul's Church.

A lover of nature, with his rifle, shot-gun, dog and trout rod, he has long been a visitor to the forests, fields and streams of the Old Bay State, on the plantations, bays, sounds, lagoons and marshes in the sunny South and in Northern wilds, —in the early days of Spring, the lengthened days of Summer, in the balmy days of Autumn time, and in the deep snows and zero weather of the frozen North in Winter—where the prized canvas-back and other sea-fowl of the coast, the bob-white of southern plantations, the wary ruffed grouse, erratic woodcock, and swift flying upland plover and quail of Massachusetts coverts, the elusive trout and fighting salmon of northern waters, and the deer, caribou and moose of the wild-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

erness in Maine, Canada, and the Maritime provinces have rewarded his knowledge, energy and skill. His pen and camera have often told the story of his adventures and success which adorned the pages of many magazines and other publications of Sportsmen's literature. His contributions are eagerly sought by leading publishers, and they are always accorded a prominent place.

Promptness, determination and reliability—these are characteristics of Dr. McAleer. He is quick to discern, quick to decide, quick to act, without being impetuous or erratic.

Dr. McAleer finds pleasure along intellectual lines. He has a library of more than a thousand volumes, in which are many very rare and valuable works. His library is rich in books relating to the early history of the country, especially along unfamiliar but interesting, important and valuable lines. He has often been invited to read papers before civic and literary organizations, and has written extensively for magazines and the periodical literature of the day. Some of his most important productions are "Banks and Banking," "Torquato Tasso," "The Printed Word," "Then and Now," "How Sabbatis Got His Christmas Dinner," "Ferncliffe," "A Christmas Reverie," "Reminiscent and Otherwise," "From Nature up to Nature's God," "Province of Quebec; Its History and Its People," "The Etymology of the Indian Place-Name Missisquoi," "An Hour with the Puritans and Pilgrims," etc.

Born and reared upon a farm, Dr. McAleer was from boyhood greatly interested in rural life and improvements in cereals, fruit, and domestic animals. He made a special study of the merits of the different families and best producing strains

McALEER GENEALOGY.

of the different blood lines that unite in the highest type of horse—the American trotter. In later years, he has bred several horses that in producing blood lines, size, conformation, style and speed took rank with the best in the show ring, on the road, and on the race track.

Dr. McAleer is a member of the famous Ragged Islands Club of Virginia—the most famous Sea-fowl club on the Atlantic coast—the Megantic Club of Maine and Canada, an honorary life member of the Missisquoi County Historical Society, and other Sportsmen's clubs and civic and literary organizations.

He married, June 2, 1874, Helen Frances Kendall, daughter of Joel and Mary Martha Kendall, of Worcester, Massachusetts. She was born in Groton, Massachusetts, and came to Worcester in early girlhood, where she has lived ever since. They have no children."

Barney, Mary and Joseph never married. They have always lived upon the old homestead upon which they were born and where they devoted the best years of their lives to making a good home for our mother and bringing sunshine into her declining years. They have lived quiet, useful and upright lives,—such lives as are the foundation stones and bulwark of a country,—rather than to thrust themselves forward into the lime-light of station and place. No stain blemishes their character—their integrity is unquestioned.

Francis, the youngest member of the family, whose name was inadvertently omitted in the accompanying family tabulation, died April 25, 1865, of cerebro-spinal meningitis, when fifteen years old, and is buried in the graveyard with his

McALEER GENEALOGY.

father at Notre Dame Des Anges, Des Rivières.

JOHN, the sixth child of Lawrence McAleer², married Elizabeth McNulty at St. Anthanase, now Iberville, Province of Quebec, and soon after removed to Battenville, N. Y., where he died many years ago. He left a family but I have no trace of them.

BRIDGET, the seventh child of Lawrence McAleer², who came to Canada with her father and his other unmarried children in 1831, was married in St. Johns, Lower Canada, in 1847, to Thomas Fox, a native of the parish of Munterloney, County Tyrone, Ireland, who immigrated to Canada in 1842. For a time they made their home in the Stone settlement so-called, in the County Missisquoi; but then, as now, the great Western country attracted the brave and adventurous—although what was then remote from civilization and known as the far distant west is now regarded as but little westward from the Atlantic coast.

In 1855 they cast in their lot with those Western pioneers and made a new home in the State of Wisconsin, then largely inhabited by Indians. Only short lines of steam railways between the more important centers of population were then in existence, and such western journeys were generally made on slow-moving teams of horses and oxen unless the destination could be reached by lakes or rivers.

Thus started Thomas Fox with his wife, children, all his worldly belongings and a supply of food, from their home and relatives and friends on their long and painful journey to the westward never again to retrace their steps nor see their kith and kin.

McALEER GENEALOGY.

In answer to my request for some data in relation to his migration, the reasons therefor, the route taken, etc., he wrote to me under date of March 19, 1895, the following:

“ I wanted to have a home of my own and be independent of landlords and British laws. I left Ireland in 1842 and arrived in Bedford in July of that year. In 1847 I married your Aunt Bridget in St. Johns, and settled down in the Stone settlement where we remained until 1855, when we came West. We took our departure from your home in Bedford and went to your Uncle Barney McGuire's at St. Brigide, and next day started for Montreal with a team where we took passage on the Jenny Lind to Lewiston. We touched at Ogdensburg, Kingston, Oswego, and finally reached Lewiston, near the mouth of the Niagara river and some seventeen miles below the falls, where we remained all day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we took the train to Buffalo. From Buffalo we journeyed to Chicago by the Michigan Central Railway where we took a boat to Milwaukee, stopping in Kenosha and Racine. We remained in Milwaukee one week, and then went to Waukesha twenty-five miles by railway, the first built in the State. Land was too dear for me there, and after staying there two years we again set out by rail to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi, then by boat to Lacrosse, Winoni, to Wabasha, and then overland twenty-two miles to Durand where we have since made our home.” Here he became a successful farmer which occupation he followed for more than forty years. The wife and mother answered the summons of the Master, February 25, 1895. The following obituary appeared in the Pepin Co. Courier, Durand, Wisconsin, March 1, 1895:

McALEER GENEALOGY.

DEATH OF MRS. THOMAS FOX.

Another of the old pioneers of this section was carried to her last resting place, St. Mary's Cemetery, on Wednesday. Mrs. Thomas Fox died at her home in Maxville, February 25, 1895, aged nearly 83 years. Bridget McAleer, her maiden name, was born in the Parish of Lower Bodoney, County Tyrone, Ireland, April 11, 1812, and came to America with her father's family in 1831. April 20th, 1847, she was married to Thomas Fox and came to this valley in 1857, settling in Maxville, where they have ever since resided. They were the parents of seven sons, five of whom are still living, and all of whom were at her bedside in her last moments. She had eighteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, all of whom are living and all attended the funeral on Wednesday. Her sons are all residents of this section, John L., Joseph A., George M., Francis C., and James B. Fox.

The husband and father survived the wife and mother something over six years. The following obituary appeared in the same paper, August 9, 1901:

PASSED FROM EARTH.

Thomas Fox an Aged Citizen and Pioneer of this Valley Called Home.

Another of the pioneers of this valley passed from this earth on the 2d instant when Thomas Fox of Maxville died at his residence in that town after a very painful and lingering illness, due to cancer of the face. He bore his sufferings with great patience and expressed in his last hours a

McALEER GENEALOGY.

wish that God's will be done. Death came to him as a happy relief from the intense pain he had for months endured. Mr. Fox was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1818, and came to Canada in 1842 where in 1847 he married Miss Bridget McAleer. He lived in Canada ten years when he removed to Waukesha, Wisconsin, where he remained until 1856 when he came to this County where he lived a year, then moving into the town of Maxville forty-four years ago and where he continued to live until his death, he and his wife sharing in the struggles incident to pioneer days. Mr. Fox was a kind and obliging neighbor and his many friends will miss him. Seven children came to gladden their home, five of whom survive him, —John L., of Chippewa Falls, Joseph Francis, and James B., of Maxville, and George W., of this city. Mr. Fox was a respected member of the Catholic church, and was buried with the rites of that church on Sunday last, his remains being laid at rest by the side of his wife, who died in 1895, in St. Mary's Cemetery, Rev. C. B. Weikman officiating."

In early times the laws of Canada were adopted from the *Cotumes* of different Arrondissements in France, although more were based upon or taken in their entirety from the *Cotume de Paris* than from any other. Soon after the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, the in-coming English settlers endeavored to supplant the various and unharmonious *Cotumes* by the English civil and criminal law, but in this they encountered so much opposition from the earlier settlers, who were not favorable to the introduction of new laws with which

McALEER GENEALOGY.

they were not familiar, that they were but indifferently successful.

Dreading the action of her recalcitrant colonists along the Atlantic seaboard, which a little later resulted in open rebellion and independence; to win the friendship of the Canadians and to prevent their union with the rebellious Colonists; and, moreover, that by appeasing the Canadians, who still smarted from the tribulations of the Seven Years War and the humiliations of defeat; and, moreover, that she might have a safe harbour in which to land her army and military stores; England, in 1774, passed the "Bill for making more effectual provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec," which is commonly known in history at the "Quebec Act." This measure was a practical abdication by England of everything in Canada save allegiance to the Crown; and it conceded and confirmed to the Canadians all the rights and privileges hitherto enjoyed by them under the fostering care of France—their laws, language and religion.

While the concessions embraced in this Act had the desired effect of conciliating the Canadians and holding their allegiance, it served to endorse and perpetuate many obnoxious and confusing laws that were little understood and less appreciated by in-coming settlers from the British Isles. These laws and customs were particularly unsatisfactory to them in the matter of property—its acquisition, its transmission by sale, devisement, or otherwise, the rights of the surviving husband or wife, in case of persons dying intestate, primogeniture, the rights of heirs, etc. These matters were so intricate, involved and unsatisfactory, that many people, when about to enter the mar-

McALEER GENEALOGY.

ried state, executed a marriage contract to settle such matter for all time in accordance with their own wishes. At the time of their marriage, Thomas Fox and Bridget McAleer executed such a contract before the legally constituted authorities, which is reproduced herewith *verbatim et literatim*.

MARRIAGE CONTRACT OF THOMAS FOX AND BRIDGET M'ALEER.

Be it remembered that on this nineteenth day of the Month of April in the Year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven in the afternoon.

Before the undersigned Public Notaries admitted and Sworn in and for that part of the Province of Canada, Constituting heretofore the Province of Lower Canada, residing in the District of Montreal, in the said Province, and in the County De Rouville—

Personally came and appeared Sieur Thomas Fox of the Township of Stanbridge, farmer, issued of the lawful marriage of Sr. Owen Fox with Grace Fox, the said Thomas Fox here present of the one part:

And Miss Bridget McAleer of the Town of St. John's, Dorchester, being in age of majority, issued of the lawful marriage of Sr. Lawrence McAleer with Dame Mary McCulloch, the said Bridget McAleer here present of the other part—

Which said parties in the presence of us the said Notaries and with the agreement and consent of their relations and friends hereafter named respectively, to wit: From the part of the said Thomas Fox assisted of Lewis Bourdon, Esquire, his friend,

McALEER GENEALOGY.

And from the part of the said Bridget McAleer assisted by Sr. Lawrence McAleer his father—did and do hereby declare, promise, stipulate covenant and agree to and with each other in manner and form following that is to say the said Thomas Fox did and doth hereby promise to take the said Bridget McAleer to be his lawful and wedded wife and the said Bridget McAleer did and doth hereby promise to take the said Thomas Fox to be her lawful and wedded husband, the said marriage shall be solemnized forthwith in due form of law—

And in the view of the said intended marriage by Divine permission to be had and solemnized between the said Thomas Fox and the said Bridget McAleer that the said parties to these presents in the presence of us the said Notaries aforesaid, of their relation and friend heretofore named, and do hereby expressly declare, stipulate, covenant and agree that a *Communaute de biens*, or Communion of property, shall not at any time hereafter by reason of the said intended marriage or on any other pretence whatsoever be or exist between the said Thomas Fox and the said Bridget McAleer notwithstanding the *Cotume de Paris* and all and every other Law, usage or Custom of the said Province of Canada, to which and all and every of which the said parties to these presents did in the presence of us the said Notaries, renounce and derogate from and did declare to be renounced and wholly derogated from in the premises and of no effect whatsoever by reason whereof the said Thomas Fox and the said Bridget McAleer shall and will severally and respectively have, possess and enjoy their several and respective properties and estates, real and personal, movable and immovable, which they now own

McALEER GENEALOGY.

and may hereafter acquire by gift, legacy, purchase, inheritance or otherwise as their own separate properties and estates in every respect absolutely clear, exonerated, free and discharged of and from all debts and all and every encumbrances, mortgages, claims and demands of any kind whatsoever proceeding from the acts or premises of the other in as ample a manner as if they had remained single. It is further agreed that the said Thomas Fox shall and will pay and bear all house expenses, as also all necessary and decent apparel and other personal requisites for the said Bridget McAleer after the said intended marriage, as also to procure for the child or children which may be born from the said intended marriage the necessary support and education without the said Bridget McAleer or her property being in any wise held or bound for the same or any part thereof—

And in the further view of the said intended marriage and in the presence of us and Notaries with the agreement and consent of the relation and friend heretofore named the said Thomas Fox for and in consideration of the love and affection which he hath and beareth to the said Bridget McAleer did and doth hereby give, grant, and confirm to the said Bridget McAleer here present and accepting thereof, the fruition of the land hereafter described with also the fruition of the movables of the present Community of goods, or communion of property in money or otherwise, provided always if the said Bridget McAleer survives the said Thomas Fox; and the said Thomas Fox shall have the same right and fruition in the half the goods of said Bridget McAleer in the case of survivorship—

McALEER GENEALOGY.

The goods that the said Thomas Fox brings forward to the present *Communaute de biens*, consist in a land or parcel of land lying situate and being in the said Township of Stanbridge, with all and every members and appurtenances thereunto belonging—well known as the lot number 15, on which lot is built a house erected upon it, with about twelve or fifteen acres cleared upon it. Brings also to the present *Communaute de biens* some movables as a clock, a trunk, with also a sum of twenty-four pounds and ten Shillings of this Province currency—

And the goods that the said Bridget McAleer brings to the same *Communaute de biens* consist in the following movable property: Two cows valued at eight pounds of this Province, three ewes at one pound and ten shillings, a bed and bedding at three pounds and fifteen shillings, a trunk at ten shillings, half dozen cups and saucers at two shillings, one dozen of plates at two shillings and three pences, one dozen of spoons two shillings, half dozen knives and forks at five shillings, a sugar bowl two shillings, a tea pot one shilling and six pences, a wash bowl eleven pences, two meat dishes two shillings and six pences, one pail one shilling and three pences, a pitcher one shilling and eight pences, a looking glass one shilling and six pences, a bedstead and a bed tick one pound and five shillings, making an amount or estimation of sixteen pounds ten shillings and seven pences—

Shalt have and hold the Survivor of the present husband and wife, by form of Jointure (*Preciput*) on the movable goods of the present *Communaute de biens* or Communion of property for a sum of Seven Pounds of this Province currency, in money

McALEER GENEALOGY.

or in movables over and above his part in the goods of the present *Communaute de biens* (Communions of property) and without increase (*la crue*) with also a bed garnished as it will be at that time—with a cupboard or chest of drawers and the clothes and all linen for his proper usages and his jewels for the wife—

And it is hereby expressly covenanted and agreed that a sum of Twelve Pounds and Ten Shillings said Currency so to be paid unto the said Bridget McAleer shall be in lieu, bar and satisfaction of Dower of every description and every other matrimonial right or advantage whatsoever, which by the laws of said Province of Canada, she, the said Bridget McAleer, might or could claim by reason of the said intended marriage and for the insinuation thereof, and for the enregistrement of these presents, when and where the same may become necessary, the parties have Constituted the bearer hereof, their attorney, to whom they give all necessary power and authority to that effect and for the payment of the aforesaid sum of Twelve Pounds and Ten Shillings that the said Thomas Fox hath bound, charged, mortgaged and hypothecated the whole of his real and personal property as well as that which he hath already acquired as that which he may hereafter acquire—

This done and passed at the Parish of Ste. Brigide of Monnoir, in the office of M. D. Meunier, one of the said Notaries, the month, day and year first above written, and the said Thomas Fox have signed with us the said Notaries, these presents having been first duly read in the presence of the parties with Mr. Bourdon and the said Bridget McAleer with Mr. Lawrence McAleer, his father

McALEER GENEALOGY.

have declared not to be able being duly required to do so.

Signed

THOMAS FOX.

L. BOURDON.

BRIDGET McALEER.

LAWRENCE McALEER.

TH. LEMAY, JR., N. P.

M. D. MEUNIER, Not. Pub.

A true copy of the original remains on record in my office.

The children of Thomas and Bridget (McAleer) Fox married as follows :

John L., Elizabeth Stringer; Joseph F., Annie Patterson; Francis C., Margaret Melrose; George W., Mary Costello; James B., Isabelle Melrose; Stephen, Mary Belknap.

JANE, the eighth and youngest child of Lawrence², came to Canada with her father, brother John, and sisters, Mary and Bridget, in 1831. The names of all the children of Lawrence² should have appeared in chronological order in the accompanying genealogical chart or family tree, but owing to the printer's error her name was given the place in the tabulation where her sister Bridget's should be, instead of being placed last in the list. She was married to Francis McCall in 1847, and they ever after made their home in Ste. Brigide. To this union were born seven children, two daughters and five sons—Mary Cecelia, Annie Patrick, Lawrence, James, Frank and Hugh—Lawrence and James being twins. The wife and mother died February 29, 1866, aged 42 years, and the husband and father died November 29, 1898, aged 83 years. Both are buried in the parish graveyard in Ste. Brigide.

McALEER FAMILY DATA.

DATA FURNISHED BY AUNT MARY
(McALEER) McGUIRE.

Ste. Brigide, d'Iberville County,
Province Quebec, March 15, 1879.

My dear Nephew George:

I do not know how to excuse myself for not sooner answering your very welcome letter of October 28, 1878. I delayed writing to you from time to time hoping to be able to recall or acquire all the information that you seek, but as this now seems unlikely, if not impossible, I send you what I can.

Your grandfather, Lawrence McAleer, was twice married. His first wife's name was Catharine Gormley, and his second wife's name, Mary McCullough. To the first union two children were born, Catharine and Ann, and to the last there were six, Theresa, Mary, Miles, John, Bridget and Jane, named in the order of their birth. Both wives died and were buried in Ireland.

Ann married James Daley, in Ireland, where they passed the remainder of their days. Catharine married John Bradley. They had two children, Lawrence and Mary. Bradley died in Ireland in early manhood.

The widow Bradley and her two children came to Canada with your uncle, Michael McCullough, in 1847.

Your grandfather's principal business in Ireland was farming, although he was a stone mason by trade, and sometimes worked at that business. When he came to Canada he bought some land from Ishmael Corey at a place called the Ridge, about midway between the villages of Bedford and Stanbridge East, in the Township of Stanbridge, County Missisquoi, Lower Canada, where he made

McALEER FAMILY DATA.

his home until compelled by old age and infirmity to abandon it.

He immigrated to Canada to escape from the cruel injustice, bitter persecution, and brutalizing British laws and their more cruel and iniquitous enforcement by irresponsible, wanton, licentious soldiery, and aggrandizing and cruel officials.

No relative or friends had preceded him; he came a stranger among strangers and buried himself in the wilderness where he succeeded in carving out an humble home for himself and his children. He died at my home in Ste. Brigide, May 23, 1850, aged 69 years, and is buried in the Roman Catholic graveyard of that parish.

Your Aunt Theresa was married to Michael McCullough of the parish of Drumles Bar, in the County of Tyrone, Ireland.

Your aunt Bridget was married in Canada to Thomas Fox, a native of the parish of Munterloney, County Tyrone, Ireland.

Your aunt Jane married Francis McCall, in Canada.

Your paternal great-grandfather's family consisted of nine children, named Ann, Ellen, Susan, Shibbey, Mary, Lawrence, Michael, Miles and Patrick.

Ann married Peter McCullough; Ellen, Philip McCullough; Susan, Patrick Martin; Shibbey, Patrick Woods; Mary —————; Lawrence, Catharine Gormley, for his first wife, and Mary McCullough for his second; Michael, —————; Miles, Ellen McKeon or McGowan; Patrick, Ann McKeon or McGowan, the last two being sisters, but I am not sure as to the spelling of their names.

Your great-grandfather's name on your grand-

McALEER FAMILY DATA.

father's side was Hugh McAleer, and his wife's name was Catharine Keenan. My mother's father's name was Hugh McCullough, and his wife's name was Catharine Hamilton.

All your father's people, as far back as I can remember, were born and lived in a place called Coneyglen in the parish of Bodoney, County Tyrone.

I regret that I cannot furnish you with more information now, but your further inquiries may serve to recall other things to my memory, and if so, I will take great pleasure in communicating them to you. With kind remembrances to yourself and to my other nephews, believe me,

Very affectionately your Aunt,

MARY McGUIRE.

And in answer to other questions later she again wrote, under date of February 26, 1883:

Your grandfather, Lawrence McAleer, was married when he was seventeen years old. He married his second wife, Mary McCullough, in the parish of Glenelly, County Tyrone. She died in the parish of Bodoney.

Smarting under the exasperating persecutions, oppressions and brutalizing treatment of unbridled English mercenaries, as had his ancestors for centuries, your grandfather had fully determined, cost what it might, to turn his back forever upon the land and graves of his people and make for himself and his growing family a home in the land of the free under the Stars and Stripes in the New World, but at the last moment he was persuaded by a man by the name of ——— Rafferty to accompany him to Upper Canada, where help was wanted to work in a paper mill, for which good

McALEER FAMILY DATA.

pay was promised, and where he claimed the trials and tribulations inflicted upon the people in Ireland were unknown.

Accompanied by his children, John, Bridget, Jane and myself, we set sail in the ship John Thompson from Belfast, in 1831. We were forced to endure many hardships and privations, on board ship that would not now be tolerated, and in addition we had a very rough and tempestuous voyage to Quebec, where we transferred to a steamboat and ascended the river to Montreal.

The vessel in which we were to make the trip from Montreal to Upper Canada became so disabled in a storm that it was said ten days or two weeks would be required in which to make necessary repairs before she could depart; and a violent wind storm arising meanwhile did much damage to property and to ships in the harbor, where four were wrecked.

Father said that a merciful Providence had sent us safe thus far, and it would seem like tempting Him to travel farther upon the water, and that he never would venture upon the water again.

Inquiring if there were any Irish people settled where they could be reached by going overland, he was directed to the Township of Stanbridge, in Missisquoi County.

Hither we came, over well-nigh impassable roads, in the old-fashioned, two-wheeled carts of the *habitants*, and it has been many times discussed, without reaching a conclusion, which were the more dangerous—the vessels at sea or the rudely constructed carts over the execrable roads on the land.

Arriving at Bedford we found quite a number of settlers from Ireland, who gave us a cordial

McALEER FAMILY DATA.

welcome—the welcome that afflicted hearts know so well how to extend.

Your grandfather worked, for a short while, in a tannery, in what is now the village of Bedford, but which at that time was simply a few log cabins for the workmen—the surrounding country being largely a wilderness.

Soon after he bought some land from Ishmael Corey, on the Ridge, where, for a time, we made our home.

Theresa married Michael McCullough, in Ireland, in 1829. I married Barney McGuire in 1835. Bridget married Thomas Fox in 1847, and Jane married Francis McCall in 1847.

We all went to school in Ireland.

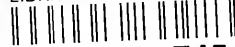
Very affectionately your Aunt,

MARY MCGUIRE.



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